TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. LI. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1883. NO. 39

Poetry.

For the Blade.

SNOBBY CROSS-ROADS SOCIAL LIFE.

BY LUCA HATCHETT.

"They are high toned."—*Charles J. Guiteau.*

Like an oyster safely shut in its shell,
Like a grain securely wrapped in its hull,
The village rests, while outside the swell
And roar of Progress, without a lull
Rushes like waves and wind. Full well
Broth the village, dirty, dingy and dull,
"Let us stick to the good old way,"
The villagers calmly say.

Dullness, dirtiness, dinginess,
Respectability, stiff as starch;
These mark the one long street and bless
The villagers' eyes, as its length they march
With a dignity one can scarce express,
Such as gives a goose's neck its arch.
"There are few such towns to-day,"
The villagers proudly say.

There flourishes in its pride, "Our Set"—
Its password and motto, Money and Style.
Not much of either have they, and yet
Those who have most are "on top of the pile."
Brains do not count—in "Our Set," the pet
Is the fellow who wears the smallest tile.
"We are not of the common clay,"
"Our Set's" members proudly say.

They are high-toned people, without a doubt;
They snub each other right royally—
The village grocer's fatally flout
The village butcher's wife, and he
Who measures the 'lasses and sugar out,
Would be a pattern for majesty.
"We are not of the common clay,"
The high-toned people say.

The village blacksmith's daughter snubs
The carpenter's daughter with haughty grace,
The woman who toils over steaming tubs,
With reddened arms and a reeking face,
Despises the woman who simply scrubs
Her neighbors' floors. All are proud of place.
"We are more high-toned than they,"
The haughty ladies say.

The village wisdom is cut-and-dried,
Warranted good till the end of time.
Let scientists in the world outside,
Talk of "Missing Links," "Decrease of Crime,"
"Human Progress," and swell with pride,
They will yet bring up in a torrid clime.
"We are wiser far than they,"
The cautious villagers say.

The worthy villager who reads
The local paper on Saturday,
And on Sunday goes to preachin', needs
No knowledge more—he can vote and pray,
And swear on occasion, at foolish deeds.
He "knows it all," in the good old way,
"We stick to the good old way,"
The villagers solemnly say.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE, Not to be Found in Any of the Books.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

The Tongue was the lawyer and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief lawon Fat sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always to wear,
Which amounte to possession time out of mind.

Then bolting the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a groove,
As where on the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(*'Tis a case that has happened, and may be again*)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never confound,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

Copyright by D. R. Locke, 1882.

The Carnival—Costumes—The Flow of Chaff—Order—Masked Balls—The Last Day—Flowers—Moccate—Outside the Walls—Gambling.

LIV.

THE CLOSE OF THE CARNIVAL.

The second Sunday the fun is supposed to culminate. The Corso and the Via Nazionale are crowded with a great mass of people, so crowded that the police have difficulty in keeping a passageway open for the carriages. Masqueraders of all kinds and descriptions make their appearance in immense numbers. There are clowns with the regulation white tunic and baggy trousers, all with grotesque masks. There are harlequins, with their lath-swords, in parti-colored costumes, doing the same acts that harlequins do upon the stage. There are columbines whose short skirts display shapely legs, and who have doubtless pretty faces, only the mask hides the faces, there are men clad in absurdly tight breeches, with exaggerated swallow-tailed coats with enormous buttons, and conical hats five feet high, there are Sailors, Demons, Jews, Grecks, Brigands, Gladiators, Negroes, Turks, Moors, in short, men and women in every conceivable costume, correct or extravagant that human ingenuity can devise.

Down the street come three girls, in male doublets and jaunty hats. The sweet things are masquerading as men, and the costume is correct enough, and they try to walk like men, but alas the girl-nature is too strong and they forget themselves. There ensues the womanly wabble, which, more than the hair done up in something like masculine form, betrays their sex. No woman can walk like a man any more than she can whistle or throw a stone.

CHAFF.

Very much good-natured chaff results. Wo be to the clown who assumes the dress without the ability to maintain the character with his tongue. The Roman street boy is a preternatually sharp being, with a tongue as ready and nimble as his heels. He engages the masquer in conversation and if he gets the better of him the crowd side with the boy, and the too ambitious aspirant slinks from the field. Then he is followed by a crowds of boys and literally chaffed out of his costume. These wordy encounters are the delight of the people, and encouragement is given immediately to a smart saying and a smart reply.

At night the square at the end of the Via Nazionale is illuminated with thousands of Chinese lanterns, the City furnishes bands of music, and the masquers and the unmasked, dance on the stone pavement till late in the night.

GOOD ORDER.

Notwithstanding the enormous throng and the latitude permitted by law, there is no disorder or drunkenness. The wildest license is permitted, but is of an innocent kind. The staid banker or grave lawyer must not be astonished at having a nimble harlequin come up behind him and placing his hand upon his shoulders take a flying leap over his head, nor must his dignity be too much hurt should he find himself with a masked girl on either arm, filling his unwilling ears with chaff, and making him appear to the crowd as though he was the regular escort of the mischievous damsels. He is compelled, perforce, to take this sort of thing in good humor, for it is a part of the carnival. Nor must a fine lady be surprised to see a clown spring into her carriage and out again with a comic grimace as he alights on the pavement. If she don't like it she should not be out.

There are an immense number of the masquers with the practicable costume that can be raised so as to make the body 20 feet high, and lowered quickly to the height of the wearer. There are men and boys clad as barrels who roll on the street, there is, in brief, everything that is amusing, or intended to be.

In the evening the amusement is masked balls. All the theaters and great halls are given up to balls, which commence at about 11 and continue till day-light.

MASKED BALLS.

Sunday afternoon there were masked balls at all the theaters for children, and beautiful affairs they were. At the Costanza there were children of three costumed as Roman gladiators, as Kings or noblemen of the time of Louis XIV., with white wigs and rich court suits and miniature swords, there were little, toddling misses of three and four in court costumes with powdered hair and long trains who did the fine lady much better than their mothers could do it, there were sailors and Kings, and Roman Emperors, aged anywhere from three to 10, a vast floor filled with these infantile delights.

And they did not have only half the enjoyment—the parents took their full share. You notice one of the children admiringly and the eyes of the father and mother in the box would light up with a delight much greater than that the child experienced, and one could have the privilege of inspecting the child he admired as long as he chose. The parents were quite as proud as the babies.

Nothing could be more delightful than the sight of a quadrille danced by the children, they going through the figures and managing their trains as solemnly as though they were belles of the periods they represented.

The "Bambino" masquerades are always largely patronized, as they should be. They are delights, and only in Rome can they be had in a genuine way.

THE LAST DAY.

The last day of the carnival is anything but stupid to those who like this sort of amusement, for the dragging fun of the week previous seemed to culminate into something like a carnival, as though Rome was ashamed of itself for its failure, and was making an effort to retrieve its reputation. In the grand procession in the afternoon there were masks and costumes of every conceivable design. There were men costumed as bears, lions, turtles, donkeys, (these latter very appropriate) there were cars burlesquing and satirizing every profession, not sparing even the royal family, and in the general license the restriction against caricaturing the church was unheeded, and one car was loaded with priests begging, putting away one coin in a bag labelled "religion," and two in a bag labelled "ours."

The order against horse racing got a parting shot. The sorriest horse in all Rome was dragged out, with the thongs, with pointed barbs, and all the paraphernalia of racing, held back by the tail by two strong men, labelled "Races, 1883."

There were cars in which pretty girls clad in gymnasium costumes, without masks, moved in the procession—pretty girls don't care for masks. There was a ship on wheels manned by actual sailors, the horses of all the cars being decorated gaily with metal ornaments and flowers.

On this day the wildest license in talk, as in everything else, prevailed. If particularly ugly man appeared upon the street he was sure to be seized by two girls in masques who made love to him in the wildest fashion, lavishing encomiums upon the particular features that were the ugliest. If bandy-legged, they would dwell upon the beauty of his legs, and vow they should die could they not always have them to contemplate. Had he a large nose? It was his Grecian nose that had enslaved them, and so on. And they would pull him and haul him about till they tired, or a more promising victim appeared to take his place. And woe to him if he showed the least annoyance at the undignified position he was placed in. He escaped the easiest who entered into the spirit of the thing, and if he had wit enough to turn the tables and make love to them they left quickly enough.

Everybody is supposed to be so masked and disguised by costume as to be unknown even to their best friends, but couples might be seen everywhere who floated together as naturally as two grease spots in a pan of water. No mask, no costume could hide from each other two lovers, especially as the custom of the day gave them opportunities for love-making impossible at any other time. There was no trouble in singling out the lovers from the mere merry-makers.

FLOWERS.

On the last day the throwing of flowers is more vigorous than on any of its predecessors. Boquets of common field flowers, of about the size of a small cabbage, and tied so closely as to make them quite as hard, are brought in by the thousand by the peasant women, and sold at a cent, or such a matter, each. These are used by the poorer classes, and the mere fun-makers, and also from the balconies for promiscuous throwing, and as they are hard and heavy, a hat may be easily ruined by a skilful pitcher. The man is very foolish who comes to the Corso on this day with a good hat. It becomes the mark for all the flower throwers, and is speedily reduced to a wreck.

For those who can afford to throw them at their friends in the carriages or on the balconies, very rich boquets are to be had, costing a franc or more. As every boquet that misses its mark becomes the property of whoever gets it, the scrambling for boquets that fall is by no means the least amusing feature of the day.

All sorts of games are practised. A man will get to the roof of a building and attaching a beautiful boquet to a string will let it down just out of reach of the crowd beneath. Then comes all sorts of stratagems to get it. The gamins jump for it but just as they jump the string pulls it out of their reach. This goes on for a while till some squirrel-like boy gets up on a window-sill, invisible to the man with the string, and while the crowd keep him busy it comes within reach. He has let it down once too many times. It is gone, string and all.

This sort of thing goes on till night when a new delight, the great culminating point of the carnival, takes place.

As soon as darkness comes the houses on either side of the long street burst forth in light, the great Pincian Hill, at the base of which is the Piazza del Popolo, becomes a Vesuvius of flame, and lights begin to twinkle in the street. Everybody is provided with a score or more of small wax tapers called

MOCCOLI,

one of which he lights and everybody else tries to extinguish it. The struggle over the Moccoli is more exciting than the throwing of flowers, for it becomes a struggle, first, to keep your own taper alight, and second to extinguish everybody else's. It is considered a good thing to lower an immense fan from the top of a building and extinguish at one sweep all the lights in a balcony, the crowd yelling immediately, "*Senza Moccolo!*"

After an hour of this, the procession of cars, carriages, and maskers on foot is organized in the Piazza Di Venezia. It moves solemnly down to the other end of the Corso, the Piazza Del Popolo, where a huge effigy of the carnival is burned with appropriate ceremonies, and so far as public displays go, the Carnival is at an end, and order reigns once more

However, as people will hold on to the tail of a pleasure as long as possible, the masked balls that night are the gayest and wildest of the series, and it takes several days to restore society to its normal condition.

The carnival inside the walls goes on with much hilarity, but there is always the stiffness that is inseperable from respectability and money. Money stiffens a man's nature in spite of himself. Dignity comes with money as with birth. A man with a million or two cannot be as jolly as a man without a ha'penny, for he has too good an opinion of himself. He can not put on a fool's costume, for he had much rather look like a statesman, and the style he does put on is generally as much of a disguise as though he assumed the cap and bells.

The wealthy who throw confetti and flowers do it as though it was a duty to be performed; they do it in a grave, high-shouldered way, and when they smile it is as much as to say, "Poor things, it amuses them. It is a duty we owe to forget our greatness and assist in giving those who have no responsibilities some pleasure." Money has its drawbacks, and this not being able to take real pleasure is one of them.

OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

But go through the Piazza del Popolo, outside the gates, and you find quite another sort of people, who are having their carnival in quite another way. Shake a thousand and you would not find five dollars among them all, so there is no money to check the flow of their genial spirits, and as they are all beggars, laborers and people from the Campagna, they are not burdened with that respectability that prevents them from enjoying themselves anyway they want to.

They are masked and costumed, as a matter of course, male and female. The thickness of the mask on the women depends entirely on the comeliness of the face under it. If one is masked so that by no chance you get a glimpse of the face underneath, you may be sure she is as homely as sin. If on the other hand the mask betrays a part of the face and is so fastened as to be perpetually falling off you may be sure there is a pretty face. The pretty girls don't like masks as a rule, And likewise the same as to costumes. A shapely ankle and leg is always in very short skirts and a bad ditto in long ones. Each woman knows to a circumstance exactly what she may venture upon. The pretty girl makes her face do duty everywhere—the homely one takes advantage of the carnival to give hers a holiday under a mask, and, as no one can see what her face is like, she has love made to her, which pleases her, although she knows she is receiving attentions under false pretences.

All along the long straggling street are wine shops open, each with a dancing floor, and there are hundreds of places improvised for the occasion in court yards where dancing is done in the open air, to the lascivious pleasings of a hand-organ and tambourine. Sometimes the hand-organ is wanting and the time for the nimble feet of the dancers is merely a melancholy tambourine thumped by a dismal woman, but a hand-organ is the proper thing and what attracts the patronage.

No people on earth excel the Italians in playing the hand-organ. Other nations play the instrument, but the Italian grinder is incomparably the best. There is a breadth, a depth, a sympathy, a soul in his performance which other people never attain. Each nation has its own peculiar instrument. The bag-pipe drives the Scotchman to frenzy, as it should, the Spaniard has the guitar and mandoiin, but the hand-organ is the national Italian instrument, as much so as macaroni his national food.

The dance is a sort of waltz, hardly that, but a mixture of the waltz and the quadrille movement, which is quite as good for the Italian girl as the waltz proper, for she is in the arms of her fellow pretty much all the time, which seems to be the essence of waltzing.

The couples waltz a half hour or so, and then sit down to wine and a cheap and indigestible looking cake. Other couples take their place, for the hand organ and tamborine are never still, and so on between dancing and wine and much love making, the day wears away.

Very free and easy are these damsels. When a stranger appears, one not of their own class, they desert their Roman admirers, for the chances are he has more money to spend upon them, and the noble Roman accepts it for the same reason. He isn't so mean as to begrudge his girl the pleasure his purse will not compass. They are wheedled into refreshments, and presents of money for flowers, which by the way doesn't go for flowers. And in return he gets all the Roman coquetry he wants and as much dancing as pleases him. Then he goes away and the girl picks up her regular, her stand-by, and dances with him just the same.

There are miles and miles of this outside the gates, and they have the best of the carnival for they really enjoy it. The long streets are full of noisy groups of men and girls all intent upon getting what fun possible out of it and they do.

One regular thing to do is for the men, those outside the gates to raise, not a yell, but an exclamation, in a monotone, a sort of organized shout. No matter who commences it is taken up the whole length of the street, it passes the gates and is taken up inside and goes on like a sort of telegraph, till the whole length of the Corso has it. The same tone emanating from 50,000 throats produces a sound like the roar of Niagara. It is continued for perhaps a minute. It means nothing, except a noise, and is repeated perhaps four times a day. It has to be done by common consent, for if an indiscreet person starts it at the wrong time, it is not taken up and ends, as do many noble ambitions, where it commenced.

THE LITTLE GAMBLER.

During the Carnival one great Square, the Piazza Navoni, is given over to the sale of semi-worthless goods by lottery. The immense square is leased by the City to Cheap Johns, who erect booths all around it, and it makes the livliest scene in Rome. Each booth is filled with goods, this one with wines and cordials in bottles, the next with tin and copper ware, the next with poultry, the very leanest and scraggiest that starvation makes possible, and so on. The method or sale is entirely by lottery. Numbers are sold from one to 100, and there is a wheel with numbers corresponding. The prize is exhibited, and when the numbers are sold, the wheel is turned and the one it stops upon wins the goods.

To attract a crowd, all the Cheap-John devices of other countries are resorted to. One has two musicians, one armed with a guitar and the other with a brevet guitar, the mandolin, and the two sing comic songs, accompanying themselves upon these instruments. Another mountebank is dressed as a learned professor, covered with preposterous medals and he delivers a comic lecture upon everything in particular and nothing in general, the performers keeping the crowd together while his partner sells the numbers.

But the favorite attraction, and that which always keeps the largest crowd, is burlesque dentistry. Upon the elevated platform stands a dentist extravagantly arrayed, with his partner dressed like a countryman. The dentist's implements are blacksmith's pincers, knives like butcher's, and all his paraphernalia on the same exaggerated scale. The patient takes the operating chair, and the dentist commences operations. He inserts the enormous pincers, and of course fastens it upon the wrong tooth, or upon the patient's nose, he works around in all sorts of ways, until finally, after 15 minutes of this rough fooling, he dextrously takes out of the patient's mouth a bogus tooth 10 or a dozen times the size of the natural one, which he holds up to the admiring gaze of the laughing people. By the time this performance is over the numbers are all sold, the wheel is turned and the starved poultry given to the lucky winner, and the dental scene commences over again, and is laughed at just as heartily.

On the next stage the good old circus act of the barber shaving the countryman with a razor five feet long, cutting off his ears and filling his mouth with lather, constitutes the attraction, and attracts a crowd always, though the dental burlesque seems to be the favorite.

This goes on all day and at night till after 12. All classes of people buy the numbers, priests being the most liberal and persistent patrons of the cheap gambling scheme. There are plenty of booths for eating and drinking, and the spaces in front of the stands are utilized for dancing, which never ends, the music being furnished by the booth performers, recruited by occasional hand-organs.

This continues during the eleven days of the carnival, when the booths are taken down and the square relegated to its natural uses.

The taste of the Italians for gambling is shown in this exhibition more than in anything else. The goods sold in this way are such as no one wants or would have at any price in any other way. The young beggar sleeping under arches and in ruins, has no use for a starved chicken or a copper sauce-pan, nor has the stranger within the gates any particular call for sausage in tin-foil, nor would any one think of going into a shop and purchasing any of these things. But as a chance to win may be had for a cent, and as there is exactly one chance in a hundred of winning, and as the prizes are given out on the spot, and as some one must win, the nnmbers go like hot cakes, and as the goods sold in this way bring about four prices, the enterprising keeper of the booth has a profitable season of it while it lasts.

At other booths there is no present of poultry or sauce-pan, but the numbers draw money outright. About these booths the priests and monks congregate more thickly than anywhere else, and their coppers go into the box of the proprietor rapidly. As they win 80 cents for one, if they win at all, they can not resist the temptation.

In the day-time the scene is one of great animation, and in the night, the great square brilliantly lighted, crowded with laughing people, with music in front of every booth, it is as stirring and amusing a place, in a small way, as one could wish. The especial characteristics of the Roman people are shown even more in their holiday amusements than in their serious hours.

During these festivities, and, by the way, on all public occasions when display is the rule, the houses of all quarters are decorated in a tasteful and striking manner. The windows of the upper stories are adorned with rugs hung out of the window, or bright-colored material bordered and worked into fanciful designs. The effect of a street, miles in length, with windows and balconies thus decorated, is pleasing in the extreme, especially as in each window appear the faces of the inmates of the houses, the decoration setting off the faces and the faces making an appropriate finish to the decorations. On the occasion of a procession of a public nature the Via Nazionale presents a beautiful as well as a striking appearance.

There are 11 days of this kind of mumming jollity, the entire City being given over to it. The shops all close in the afternoon and some days do not open at all. The people make it a business to get as much amusement as possible out of the fleeting time, as though it was the last amusement they ever expected to have, and they must make the most of it. Money is hoarded for the whole year to be expended upon the carnival. The costumers, the wine shops and confectionery makers reap a rich harvest, indeed it is their harvest. The City is full, the whole country pouring in on the occasion, sleeping among the ruins or on the streets, and eating at the cheap cook-shops if they bring money, or begging from strangers to get a loaf of bread if they have none. Whether they have money or not they make their way to Rome during the carnival. They can walk in and walk out, sleeping under arches is not uncomfortable, and there is always something to eat to be compassed in some way. No Italian misses the carnival if it is possible to get to one.

Our Story Teller.

Written For the Blade.

ATLANTIS.

BY HENRY LONGFELLOW KINER.

CHAPTER XIV.

STILL OMINOUS.

The thunder-cloud, on a hot and smothery afternoon of Summer, often floats and frets and mutters, drifting aimlessly here and there in the heavens. It sends no angry dashes of rain to the earth; it darts forth no gleaming flash of red and awful anger. It only floats silently like a gigantic condor in the windless heavens. Occasionally, mayhap, at long intervals, it mutters hoarsely. Perhaps at infrequent periods a livid line of red runs through the dense gloom of the cloud like a gleam of anger momentarily lighting the face of a desperate man, with murder hiding in his heart, but who is cautious, and endeavors to be calm.

When the traveler sees that silent and ominous cloud, he urges his steed rapidly onward. He casts furtive and apprehensive looks at the demon in the skies. The mariner furls his sails, and with bated breath and fluttering heart, awaits the onslaught of the tempest.

An awful storm was breeding in the hold of the schooner "Erebus." As the neglect of Capt. Pariah grew day by day, as the officers of the vessel, infected by the Captain's example, grew slacker and slacker, the black chief down below grew bolder and bolder. Long ago he had contrived to work his hands and feet loose from the shackles, and to so adjust them that they could be slipped on or off at a moment's notice. Long ago he had, with his powerful hands and wonderful ingenuity, prepared the fetters of his fellows so that they would open and shut at will. When the careless Pollux or the drunken Castor, or any of the still less reliable seamen, came down into the hold, the gyves were upon the black limbs, and the faces of the dark horde were downcast, as of men from whom hope had taken flight. But when these blacks were alone and undisturbed in their murky prison, the fetters fell noiselessly to the floor, and there were midnight orgies, threatenings and pantomimes unspeakable. Over their dark-cloud faces glowed the scarlet threat of blood.

CHAPTER XV.

AN OFFICIAL TRIO.

Back and forth, back and forth, upon the dark deck of the "Erebus" paced Capt. Pariah. His face was careworn and pale. Every new face that appeared upon the quay was eagerly scanned by his great black eyes. Would she send a message bearing her reply? She might wait for his messenger to come for it. He was little used to the ways and arts of the dwellers upon the shore. He had a half ludicrous sense of his deficiency in this respect. Half the forenoon had worn away, of the day following the delivery of the note to Vigis by Niggles. No messenger had come. Pariah determined, in his feverish anxiety, to send a messenger to the temple to reconnoiter. Niggles could linger in the vicinity of the window and contrive to attract her attention. If she had any reply to make, she could drop a note to the lad.

Inquiry for Niggles developed the not-at-all-surprising fact that he was gone. He had not been about the ship since daybreak. Was probably wandering about the streets, seeking opportunities for mischief, as usual. The Captain's angry exclamation at the waywardness of the boy, was cut short by the sudden appearance at his side of a quick and nervous little man, with a large paper in one hand and a large handkerchief in the other. He flourished his paper as though it were a weapon, and mopped the fog and perspiration from his heated brow.

Pariah paused, and looked down inquiringly at this apparition. The little man glanced nervously at his document, and apprehensively at the broad shoulders and big black eyes of the slaver.

"What do you want?" asked Pariah, by way of giving the little man a start.

"I have come directly from the temple, and——"

The little man ceased to speak for the moment paralyzed by the promptness with which the paper was grasped from his hand, and the hungry haste with which Pariah began to devour its contents.

"O, this will not do, will not do," trebled the little man, dancing a frantic hornpipe around the statuesque Pariah. "O, this will not do, sir—beg pardon, Captain. I am an officer, sir, I mean Captain, and my name is Jenks. You must really not treat an officer so. O, this will not do, sir, I mean Captain——"

"What is the meaning of this?" thundered Pariah, towering like an indignant giant above the cringing form of Jenks.

"It means sir, I mean Captain, it means, ——I guess I'd better call my friends to tell you what it means, and I will tell you when they come."

Thereupon Mr. Jenks began to make certain violent signals with his handkerchief, which demonstrations had the immediate effect of bringing a tall, slim man, with a hook nose and a short, fat man with an imflamed countenance, bull-neck and close-cropped hair, from the shadow of a building where they had been lurking. These individuals boarded the vessel with great alacrity. Having done which, they uncertain what to do next.

"Have you stated the case?" asked the tall man, rubbing his hands softly, and making a conciliatory bow in the direction of Pariah, upon whom it was utterly lost.

"I have not, Mr. Cherry, not exactly done so yet; but I——"

"You should have done so, Jenks, at once. Please proceed."

"Jenks is a fool," here cut in the red-faced man. "He's a fool, or my name bain't Bolter—Battery Bolter, sir, a hap-pinted hossiffer, sir, of the City of Caledon, sir!"

And Battery Bolter brought the knuckles of his right hand down upon the taffrail of the "Erebus" with violence, and glared contemptuously at the cowering Jenks, and defiantly at Pariah.

The appearance and attitude of Mr. Battery Bolter were so offensive, that Pariah without a moment's hesitation took one stride forward, grasped him by the back of the neck and hurled him half the length of the vesssel, where he arrived just in time to meet Castor, who had emerged from below.

Mr. Battery Bolter came againgst Castor with such force that both fell to the deck. Castor, being under the influence of frequent matutinal potations, at once decided that the stranger had attacked him and began an indiscriminate pounding and kicking of the prostrate Bolter, who rallied and returned the cuffing with interest. Pariah walked forward and grasping each of the combatants, tore them asunder and dangled them to their feet where he held them at arm's length. They glared viciously at each other, puffing and panting, while Pariah calmly repeated the query he had already made to Jenks.

"The meaning of it is," said Mr. Cherry, advancing and bowing humbly, "that the sacred vessels of the temple have been, been——"

"Stolen!" blurted Battery Bolter.

"Aye, stolen, Purloined would have been a better word——"

"Stolen's the word!" shouted Battery Bolter. Pariah, without looking at him, gave him a shove that made his teeth snap like a steel trap.

"Go on," commanded Pariah, looking at Cherry.

"And you have been seen so often about the temple, with no particular business in view, that it has been deemed barely possible that you——"

"Stole 'em," puffed Battery Bolter.

For an instant Pariah's face was black with rage. Letting go of Castor, and dragging Bolter after him, he advanced upon Cherry, who retreated precipitately. Jenks, taking a hurried step backward at the same moment, fell over a pile of cordage, and bumped his head with great force upon the deck.

"Search the ship!" exclaimed Pariah, gazing scornfully upon the trio; "and if you find a shadow of proof to sustain this absurd charge I will promptly accompany you to the bastile, to await trial by your courts."

Cherry and Jenks were below deck in a twinkling, poking here and there like a pair of ferrets. Battery Bolter sourly slipped off his coat and prepared to join in the search, at the same time keeping a defiant eye upon Castor, who regarded him with contempt. Bolter was preparing to remove his vest, with the double purpose of facilitating his movements, and giving Pariah less to grapple, should that giant collar him again. Then came a cry of triumph from the human ferrets below. Soon they were on deck, bearing in their arms the sacred vessels of the temple.

At sight of them Pariah, who had faced death in a thousand wild and terrible forms, paled and trembled.

"I do not understand this," said he; "but I promised to go with you, and go I will."

Giving Pollux and Castor a few brief instructions regarding the affairs of the ship, Pariah haughtily strode away; Mr. Battery Bolter trotting laboriously at his side, and Jenks and Cherry bringing up the rear, at a respectful distance, bearing in their arms the holy vessels of the fane.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

That night, the night that followed the day upon which Pariah was incarcerated in the bastile of Caledon, the fog that had hung like an eternal pall over the City for months, rose silently from the earth like a great, white-winged condor. Then it came on to rain, and such a deluge fell from the heavens that men and quadrupeds were alike blinded by it. As the rain fell a mighty tempest rose, blowing from the sea toward the land.

The waves ran in several columns, like mountains crowned with snow. They encroached upon the shore, and hurled vast quantities of spray into the streets of Caledon.

Was it the tremendous violence of the waves beating upon the shore that made the solid earth so shudder and shiver? The poundings of those sierras of brine were truly terrible, they were, no doubt, sufficiently powerful to make the earth tremble; but this could not account for the terrible upheavals of the ground, or for the hideous roars in the Titanic caverns under the earth.

Several tall, slender buildings in the City were down early in the evening. Many people were crushed in the ruins. None could go to aid them in the face of such a tempest.

At about 10 o'clock on that unremembering night, the unutterable darkness that had wrapped the City in its smothering embrace, was suddenly transformed, as if by some demoniac magic, into the most inconcievable brightness. It seemed to turn every drop of the driving rain and every drop of the sea-spray, into blood.

The great volcano, that dread shadow to the southeastward, had burst, and was sending volleys of fire and hailstones of living coals into the blackened heavens. A world destroying duet was sounded py the roaring tempest and the bellowing mountain.

By 12 o'clock the streets of Caledon,—the hideously lighted streets,—were a howling, shrieking menagerie or wild beasts. They had fled, in their terror, from their lairs in the mountains and forests, to the abodes of men for protection. Great monsters of the deserts and jungles crawled to the doors of men and moaned piteously.

Pariah walked back and forth in the corridors of the bastile. He had not been confined to a cell.

She whom he loved with all the strength of his great, fiery nature, believed him a miserable thief. She who was his hope in life, and would be his last thought in death, through some malevolent combination of circumstances had proof that he was a thief, and that he had stolen from her benefactor, Father Vesta. In her eyes now all his protestations of love for her were but screens to hide a shallow scheme to rob the sacred home that sheltered her.

"O God," moaned Parriah, "to whom in my wicked life I have never appealed before, I crave Thy help now!"

A narrow, trickling stream of water suddenly stole across the floor of the corridor. It was dimly visible in the light of the one murky lamp that endeavored, in a dejected and heartless way, to lighten the intense gloom.

Pariah stooped and bathed his hot hands in it, and pressed them to his brow. A drop or two trickled to his eyes, and stung them.

"This cannot be rain-water from the tempest that rages to-night," muttered Parriah.

He tasted it.

"It is sea-water!" he exclaimed wildly. "Good God, what does this portend!"

He clambered to a window, and stared out through the grates. Just then the mighty light from the burning mountain burst upon the drowning world. A red tide, but a few inches deep as yet, was crawling through the street before the bastile.

A gigantic throe of the earth, that had been throbbing and palpitating so long, and the solid masonry before Pariah's face parted asunder.

He walked into the street.

The dazzling, hideous red light, the red flood, the red rain, the noise and tumult of the tempest and the moaning of the sea, the shrieking of wild beasts, the shouting of men, the crash of falling buildings, all tended to confuse and bewilder one who had just emerged from the tomb-like silence of the prison. He clasped his hands to his throbbing head, and leaned against the tempest with all the power of his gigantic frame. Buildings were falling all around him. To remain there was death. He started forward. The water was about his ankles. He ran desperately in the direction of the wharf. The water was about his knees. Still he ran on. The water was at his hips. He floundered on desperately. The water gathered about his waist, under his armpits, lifted him from his feet. He swam, buffeted by increasing billows as he neared the sea. Driving logs, planks, boxes, crates, barrels, all sorts and kinds of debris, surged tumultuously around him and wounded him.

At last a great black hulk came surging down toward him. Within it, or somewhere about it, he heard, above the roar of the storm and all the hideous noises of the night, the shrieks and groans of mortals in agony. The mighty mass surged closer. The now exhausted man grasped at it blindly, caught a dangling chain, drew himself bodily out of the water, and was, for the time being, saved.

Having dashed the blinding sea foam from his eyes, he looked keenly, in the lurid light, at the hulk that was holding him above the billows.

It was the "Erebus."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE ON THE EREBUS.

Desperate men are amazingly intuitive in their perceptions and impressions, and wondrously prompt to act upon them. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, all other laws and considerations conform to this primal law. This first law is recognized alike by all men, civilized and savage; by the beasts of the fields, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea.

The next strongest instinct or law is the preservation of liberty.

This second law becomes a fierce, ungovernable passion when liberty has been lost, and there is an opportunity, though desperate, to regain it.

Pariah had hardly left the "Erebus" when his removal and probable detention for a time, became known to that sweltering black horde between decks They somehow imbibed the impression from the tone of voice used by the officers of the law, and by Pariah, from the sounds of scuffling and fighting audible from the upper deck, from the air of eager curiosity of the strange men they had seen coming below; from the cries of delight and triumph emanating from them when they found certain golden vessels. Then they heard the strange men moving away, and Pariah's stately tread accompanied their footsteps. These sights and sounds were intuitively put together and interpreted by the blacks.

Pariah had been apprehended for taking those golden vessels. He would probably be detained for a short time.

A gleam of satisfaction, of joy supreme lit up the face of the black chieftain when these facts were revealed to him.

Pariah, the man his followers all dreaded so that he could never incite them to battle when he was likely to be an antagonist, was gone from the slip.

The time to act had come.

As has already been said, the fetters of the Ethiopians had been so so manipulated that they could be removed at will.

The plans of the chief were to gain possession of the "Erebus" by killing the officers and crew, and to burn every other vessel in the port, to prevent pursuit.

Pariah was gone. The prime factor in the chances for defeat was removed. A mighty tempest was raging, claiming the attention of officers and crew.

The time to act had come.

The preconcerted signal was given. The shackles that bound the black limbs fell off. They were utilized as weapons. The giant chief gathered his men around him.

To two-thirds of them was allotted the task of burning the other ships in the harbor. The others, led by the chief, would be amply sufficient to destroy the small crew of the "Erebus."

The blacks could all swim like crocodiles. They had been born and bred on the coast. Any of them could swim for miles in the roughest sea.

Barefooted and silent they stole upon the deck. Pollux and Castor were in the cabin, and the crew had sought shelter in the forecastle from the roaring tempest. The black destroying angels allotted to burn the other ships slipped over the side of the vessel into the sea, and shot away through the foam.

Then the Chief beckoned to those that remained. The barefooted and silent horde, unheard in the great storm of wind and rain, darted about the decks, gathered up handspikes, crowbars and everything else that they could utilize for weapons. Those they could not use, they cast overboad.

As the Chief drew himself up to his full hight, preparatory to giving the yell that was to be the signal for beginning the slaughter, the great red light from the bursting mountain flashed its ghastly brilliancy upon the hideous night. For a moment the giant paused, appalled by the awful spectacle. The vessel was pitching madly at her anchor. The chain threatened to break at any moment. The blacks, long accustomed to a recumbent position, found themselves unable to stand erect upon the tossing ship. They went tumbling in all directions. In moving about they glided upon their hands and knees. When attempting to stand, they were obliged to hold to some object for support.

The Chief allowed his amazement to repress his signal for the attack but a moment. Then a mad yell went up from his throat, heard loud above the fury of the storm. It was answered by fiendish cries from his followers, who dashed into the cabin and forecastle, brandishing their weapons, and striking at everybody they saw.

The sailors, though completely surprised, had the great advantage of being able to keep their feet. The blacks went rolling about, mad with fury. They grappled with the sailors, fell with them, and pounded their brains out with their cudgels. It was a demoniac fight. Blood and brains bespattered the black deck of the slave-ship. Dead men, white and black, soon lay here and there, and over them the survivors stumbled blindly, and fought on. War to the death was the instinctive impulse of both whites and blacks.

The chain fastening the vessel to the anchor broke, and the slave-ship drave over the red flood toward the doomed Town.

When Pariah, almost exhausted, clambered upon the deck of the "Erebus," the white faces of the dead crew, and the black faces of the chieftain's dead followers, were lit up by the lurid light of the burning mountain. The decks were paved with the dead.

Alone, and grand as a god in his savage ire, towered the giant chieftain, He was the only living being Pariah beheld upon the deck of his ship.

The Chief's eyes met those of Pariah. The Chief, during the fray, had come in possession of a huge knife. Pariah saw it gleam and glow in the red light.

Pariah drew a dirk from a sheath attached to a belt he always wore.

The two giants cautiously approached each other. Each had had his physical powers put to an exhausting test—Pariah in the flood, the chieftain in the fray. Nevertheless they sprang upon each other like bloodhounds. The turgid muscles of each stood out upon the brawny arms like bands of steel. The knives clashed—thrust and parry, parry and thrust, stroke here, stroke there, back and forth over the bodies of their dead followers the two desperate men fought. Now one drove, and again was driven, each looking steadily in the other's eye.

At last the black giant, with the yell of a devil incarnate, plunged with a concentration of all his remaining strength straight at his antagonist. Stepping quickly backward to avoid the force of this onslaught, Pariah stumbled over a corpse, and fell. With another yell, in which were blended hatred and triumph inconceivable, the black threw himself upon his prostrate foe. The huge knife glowed for an instant in the red air, then came savagely down and was buried to the hilt in the victim's shoulder. Again it was poised aloft, but this time the stroke was averted by Pariah, who fiercely slashed at the murderous arm, disabling it. Still uttering yells of hate and revenge, such as were never before heard on earth, the black demon reached for the knife with his remaining hand. For the third time the red and dripping blade was raised over the now fainting and helpless man. Another instant and all would have been over, when the huge chieftain let the knife fall and rolled over heavily beside his intended victim, stone dead.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE YELLOW MASK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "Percy and the Prophet," "A Rogue's Life," etc., etc.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER III.

not supply—a weariness which you could not solace. Think of his life then, and of yours. Think of the first day when the first secret doubt whether he had done rightly in marrying you would steal into his mind. We are not mas ers of all our impulses. The lightest spirits have their moments of irresistible depression; the bravest hearts are not always superior to doubt. My child, my child, the world is strong, the pride of rank is rooted deep, and the human will is frail at best! Be warned! For your own sake and for Fabio's, be warned in time."

Nanina stretched out her hands toward the priest in despair.

"O, Father Rocco! Father Rocco!" she cried; "why did you not tell me this before?"

"Because, my child, I only knew of the necessity for telling you to-day. But it is not too late; it is never too late to do a good action. You love Fabio, Nanina? Will you prove that love by making a great sacrifice for his good?"

"I would die for his good!"

"Will you nobly cure him of a passion which will be his ruin if not yours, by leaving Pisa to-morrow?"

"Leave Pisa?" exclaimed Nanina. Her face grew deadly pale; she rose and moved back a step or two from the priest.

"Listen to me," pursued Father Rocco. "I have heard you complain that you could not get regular employment at needlework. You shall have that employment if you will go with me—you and your little sister, too, of course—to Florence to-morrow."

"I promised Fabio to go to the studio," began Nanina, affrightedly. "I promised to go at 10 o'clock. How can I—"

She stopped suddenly, as if her breath were failing her.

"I myself will take you and your sister to Florence," said Father Rocco, without noticing the interruption. "I will place you under the care of a lady who will be as kind as a mother to you both. I will answer for your getting such work to do as will enable you to keep yourself honestly and independently; and I will undertake, if you do not like your life at Florence, to bring you back to Pisa after a lapse of three months only. Three months, Nanina. It is not a long exile."

"Fabio! Fabio!" cried the girl, sinking again on the seat, and hiding her face.

"It is for his good," said Father Rocco, calmly; "for Fabio's good, remember."

"What would he think of me if I went away? Oh, if I had but learned to write! If I could only write Fabio a letter!"

"Am I not to be depended on to explain to him all that he ought to know?"

"How can I go away from him? Oh! Father Rocco, how can you ask me to go away from him?"

"I will ask you to do nothing hastily. I will leave you till to-morrow morning to decide. At nine o'clock I shall be in the street; and I will not so much as enter this house, unless I know beforehand that you have resolved to follow my advice. Give me a sign from your window. If see you wave your white mantilla out of it, I shall know that you have taken the noble resolution to save Fabio and to save yourself. I will say no more, my child; for, unless I am grievously mistaken in you, I have already said enough." He went out, leaving her still weeping bitterly.

Not far from the house he met La Biondella and the dog on their way back. The little girl stopped to report to him the safe delivery of her dinner mats; but he passed on quickly with a nod and a passed on quickly with a nod and a smile. His interview with Nanina had left some influence behind it, which unfitted him just then for the occupation of talking to a child.

Nearly half an hour before nine o'clock on the following morning Father Rocco set forth for the street in which Nanina lived. On his way thither he overtook a dog walking lazily a few paces ahead in the roadway, and saw at the same time an elegantly-dressed lady advancing toward him. The dog stopped suspiciously as she approached, and growled and showed his teeth when she passed him. The lady, on her side, uttered an exclamation of disgust, but did not seem to be either astonished or frightened by the animal's threatening attitude. Father Rocco looked after her with some curiosity as she walked by him. She was a handsome woman, and he admired her courage. "I know that growling brute well enough," he said to himself, "but who can the lady be?"

The dog was Scaramuccia, returning from one of his marauding expeditions. The lady was Brigida, on her way to Luca Louni's studio.

Some minutes before nine o'clock the priest took his post in the street opposite Nanina's window. It was open, but neither she nor her little sister appeared at it. He looked up anxiously for a minute or so after they were all silent.

"Is she hesitating still?" said Father Rocco to himself.

Just as the words passed his lips the white mantilla was waved out of the window.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 14.

As far back as my recollections go, even to the youngest years of the present century, peddlers were traversing the country in all directions. As soon as wagon roads were opened for their Towns, they made their appearance. Among the first I remember were tin peddlers. Men would drive a two-horse wagon across the mountain, loaded with tinware, and peddle it out for home-made linen, linsey, flannel, hatcheled flax, goose feathers, woolen yarn, and such other articles as the settlers could spare, and perhaps a little silver, and then return, requiring from six or eight to 10 weeks to make the trip. A fellow came to our cabin one morning with a notion wagon, and made a trade with my mother, of the amount of about $8. She got calico, muslin, ribbons, needles, pins, combs and spices. In exchange he took linen, linsey, hatcheled flax, feathers and one bushel of flaxseed. From there he drove four miles down the creek to where there was a house-raising, where all the men of the settlement were collected. He made the men a speech. He told them he was the agent for the sale of Irish flax seed. A Company was formed in New York for the manufacture of the fine Irish linens. They were distributing the seed through the new States, and would pay an English shilling a pound for all the flax that could be produced for 20 years. The seed would produce about five times as much to the acre as the common american flax, and of a much finer fiber. His speech took. He could only sell a single quart to one man, as he wanted to get it all over the country. The price was $1 a quart. Within an hour he had sold his 32 quarts of flax-seed for $32 in silver, the whole of which had cost him, in the morning, 50 cents in trinkets. My father was an enthusiastic man. I suppose he was what was called a castle-builder. He succeeded in persuading the pedler to break his rule and let him have two quarts. He then sold him a cotton handkerchief for 50 cents to tie it up in. It emptied my father's pockets of the last copper to pay for two quarts of his own flax-seed, that my mother, two or three hours before, had traded to the fellow for 50 cents per bushel. It was two or three days before the secret got out, and the scamp was out of all reach.

Every inland plantation throughout the new country had a flax patch. It was an absolutely indispensible product to the pioneer settler, for the entire wearing apparel of the people was made at home. A flax patch and a few sheep furnished all the clothing. From one to two acres formed the ordinary flax patch. A field of flax, in what was called the blue bowl, or in full bloom, was a beautiful view, one that cannot be pictured with the pen. The blossoms, which came out the latter part of June, were bright blue, more brilliant than sky blue, the stalks were of uniform bright, and every one had a cluster of bloom, thus presenting to the eye a uniform sheet the most beautiful and agreeable imaginable. The bloom remained about 10 days. "Pulling flax" was, usually at least, often done on the principle of a frolic. The pulling took place as soon as the bowls were ripe. Watering flax, breaking and scattering it ready for the hatchel, would be too tedious in the description for the plan of these papers; and as the like is never to be witnessed again while the world stands, in all reasonable probability, the detail may be omitted.

An instance recurs to me where the family went out to pull flax, leaving the house in charge of a 16-year old daughter, who was sickly. They had procured two half-gallon jugs of whisky for the occasion. On coming in from the field in the evening, the second jug had to be resorted to for the supper dram. A boy fetched it from the smoke house, when it was found to be empty. The conclusion was that Browder had been round and stolen the contents, a habit he was known to be addicted to. A boy was posted off to Town for a supply, and the matter went over till the next day, when the sick girl told her mother that she drank every drop of the whisky herself the previous day while they were out in the field. She had been craving for whisky for several months, but the doctor peremptorily forbade it. The family was greatly alarmed, and a boy was sent in a hurry to the County-seat for the old doctor. He came and inquired into the matter, and after a little grave consideration, told them to get plenty of it and let her have all she desired. But she never craved it afterwards, and lived to be a matronly old lady surrounded by a numerous family of robust progeny.

The gap between 70 years ago and now, in the Western county, is wider than the mind can grasp. The most of the people of 1883 know nothing of the early times; nor can they be brought to comprehend anything of them. Then, stone-coal as fuel, was unknown. Dwellings were warmed in Winter by huge log fires in huge fire places, and never in more than one room of the house, if more there were. If there were separate sleeping apartments, which was seldom, if the loft be excepted, they were not provided with fires. The entire family hovered around the same big fire, even including strangers and visitors, and that too, often at the same time the cooking was going on. Such a thing as economizing heat had not been thought of. Iron stoves were nearly unknown; and only now and then a seven or 10 plate stove of awkward pretension, was to be seen in which wood was burned. In the Towns, the Franklin stoves, which were beginning to be introduced. Cooking stoves were totally unknown. For light, the tallow candle and lard lamps made of sheetiron and the glare of the large family fire in Winter were the resources during the long, tedious Winter evenings. In the pine-growing States the pine knot was used for light. It burned with a brilliancy on account of its resinous qualities. Coal oil and illuminating gas had not even been conceived of, and anything of the nature of a friction match or a percussion match would have been regarded as from the infernal regions; or, perhaps, in the mildest view, as a dangerous innovation on the rights of man. Candles and lamps were lighted with shavings or pieces of dry cornstalk, or twigs, often with a firebrand by blowing upon it.

Fires were kindled by means of the tinder-box, which contained flint, steel and tinder, or spunk. For the lack of the tinder-box, fire was often started by striking a spark into flax tow with a flint and a common pocket-knife. Sometimes the fire died out on the hearth in the Summer time. When that occurred and there was no means of striking fire at hand, some member of the family was obliged to go to the nearest house with a broad shovel to bring some live coals or a burning chunk before the breakfast could be started. The writer has gone on more than one such expedition. If the fire was out on a morning of steadily falling rain, he situation was awkward.

The cooking was all done then in peculiarly pioneer fashion. The baking was done in Dutch ovens and skillets, set over live coals, while a cast lid was laid on top, covered also with live coals and hot ashes. Boiling was done in round pots and stew kettles suspended over the fire on pot trammels hung to the crock pole three or four feet above the fire. Sometimes the pot trammel was a chain, or iron hook, sometimes a simple wooden hook. Turkeys, pigs and other meats were sometimes roasted by suspending before the fire, where they were revolved to bring every side towards the heat. A pan of some kind was set beneath to catch the dripping.

The first departure from the oven and skillet baking was in the tin reflector, which came into use more than 50 years ago. The dough was placed in an iron pan set in the reflector, and the heat was radiated upon it by the tin reflector that overtopped it in a slanting position forward. The bread baked in an open reflector possessed a sweetness and richness that the confined steam of the closed oven could not give it. The reflectors were in use a few years, when they were entirely superceded by the general introduction of cooking stoves.

Well pumps were not introduced until during the early part of the present century. Formerly water was raised from wells by means fork and pole system, called the well sweep, or well pole. Carpets on floors were absolutely unknown to the pioneer cabin. The cabin floors were, for the most part, laid with rough pincheons split from sections of forest trees.

But the physical condition, manners, morals, social habits and religious status of the Western people of 70 years ago, are none of them represented in the same sections of country to-day. The world has certainly grown wiser; but the vital question remains; has it grown better? Then the people knew less of science; but they knew more of humanity. Then a man's word of honor was worth some thing. It is considered degrading, and justly so, to be superstitious. In many things they were ignorant, as compared with the present age; but they were honest, virtuous and devoutly religious to a degree that would put to shame their wiser descendants. There was a system of good manners everywhere observed among our ancestors, and a sincerity and honesty of speech, now, alas, sadly lacking in this artificial age. And then the grand question remains to be answered; is mere intellectual culture and enlargement all that man requires—is it every thing? The genius of modern schools would seem to imply as much. Cannot moral and religious culture, and good manners, and the humanities, and intellectual growth all move forward hand in hand?

Humor.

Powerful Tripe.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Curious thing, how Bismarck should take such a grudge against the American hog, isn't it?" asked the tramp, sidling up to the lunch counter and helping himself to the tripe. "Do you understand his motive?"

"He don't understand the animal," growled the barkeeper.

"I wish he could come in here now and taste some of this tripe," smiled the tramp. "That would give him some idea of what the American hog is,"

"If he should see you trying it he would get a pretty fair notion," grunted the barkeeper. "Come off, will you?"

"I think this house sets the nicest lunch in town," replied the temporarily abashed tramp, edging away from the table. "Since you got to squirting the hose over it every morning to freshen it up I think it lays over any lunch in this section."

"Have some more tripe?" smiled the mollified barkeeper.

"What I like about this tripe," continued the tramp with his mouth full, "what I like most about it is its gamey taste. "You get that from age, I reckon."

"I don't know," retorted the barkeeper, eveing him suspiciously.

"You couldn't get it from any other source," said the tramp. "There's nothing else strong enough to back it. Why don't you paint a little of it red and run it in for herring? Your customers would get all the taste of the tripe and the effect of the fish. Make 'em dry, and you'll be rich in a few weeks."

"Cheaper to get the herring in the first place," suggested the barkeeper.

"But you'd never find any herring as strong as this tripe," argued the tramp. "I suppose a few strips of this tripe, sewed together, would be strong enough to lift an iron safe to the fourth story, wouldn't it?"

"No, it wouldn't," snarled the barkeeper.

"Well, say three stories," conceded the tramp. "I'll make it three for the sake of the argument. Now tripe like that—"

But the barkeeper began to smell some sarcasm in the atmosphere, and the tramp discovered to his amazement that the tripe wasn't strong enough to hold him to the saloon until the barkeeper got around from behind the counter.

A Nevada Lad Who is Thought to be the Worst in All America.

Carson Appeal.

Carson has developed a bad boy, who is worse if anything than Peck's bad boy, who is counted on as the worst boy of his age in the whole United States. His name is Johnny McGinnis and he lives on King street. It appears that a few days ago Mrs. McGinnis started to give her seven-year-old daughter a bath. When she disrobed her by the tub she was horrified at discovering that the young lady was covered all over with crocodiles, fish, rare animals and Egyptian ibexes, painted on in lasting colors. She said that her brother Johnny had painted her to get her a chance to go away with the circus. The neighbors were called in and their low opinion of the boy was unbounded. The elder McGinnis sailed out after the venturesome lad and found him in Johnsan's barn, where he was decorating a young lad whom he had inveigled away from his parents. When the elder McGinnis had ceased parleying with the younger McGinnis the trunk strap which he brought into the barn had seen its best days. The young lad made the following explanation of the affair:

"Ye see, dad's been pretty hard up since stocks went down, and so I fixed Mary up for a spec. My idea was to tattoo a few boys and girls and have 'em travel with the tattooed woman as children with birthmarks, eh? Do you catch on? One tattooed woman is a big thing, but a whole family of 'em would be immense. I was calkerlatin' to make some money for the old man, but he's so infernal bullheaded that he don't catch on quick to new enterprises. He wore out a whole trunk-strap on me. I'll bet $2 that they don't rub them figures off Mary for six months. I used the best blue ink the old man had. I'd like to catch him asleep; blame me if I wouldn't paint a whole drove 'er Government mules runnin' down his back."

One Nickel For Six Passengers.

New York Sun.

A fleshy, pleasant-faced woman carrying a large baby in her arms followed four little boys into a Bleecker street car last night. The largest of the boys climbed to the seat by the side of his mother, while the other three ranged themselves on their knees on the seat opposit, and looked out of the windows. The mother passed up a nickel to the box. The driver looked at it and then put his head in the door and said as he pointed to the oldest boy:

"Another nickel, av ye plaze, mum."

The woman smiled and nodded her head toward a card on the side of the car that announced that children over 4 years old must pay full fare, but others could ride free with their parents or guardians.

"Phat! Do yez mane to say that ye've had foive of 'em, and the oldest is only 4 years ould?" said the driver.

The woman's smile grew broader and the passengers laughed aloud when she said, pointing to the boys opposit: "They're triplets."

Not That Far.

Wall Street News.

"And you say you never saw a silver mine?"

"Never!" answered the man from Philadelphia.

"Well, that's odd."

"Yes, it may seem so for a man of my age, and one who has traveled as much. I started to see a mine once, but gave it up."

"Country too rough?"

"Oh, no. I had put $27,000 into it, and I wanted to see the president."

"Yes?"

"But I was always unlucky. A chap who had put in less than $20,000 got to the mine first."

"Ah!"

"He was a very careless fellow, by all accounts. His revolver went off, and being the hole was handy he buried the president in our mine. I heard of it and turned back. When a graveyard gets ahead of me, I quit and tackle something else."

Partner Wanted.

Wall Street News.

"James!" he began, as he called the clerk into the private office, "your conduct is such that I can no longer retain you in my employ. You do not hesitate to lie and cheat and you are drunk at least twice a week."

"All right," responded the clerk. "I got news yesterday of a legacy of $75,000, and I guess I won't go to the poor house."

"$75,000!"

"To a cent."

"Cash money?"

"All cash."

"Then I'll sell you a partnership interest in the business and we'll make things hum! Ha! Let me congratulate you! Just such a partner as I'd pick among a thousand!"

Where It Was Found.

Life.

Abraham and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner.

It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; according he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot.

Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not manipulated a saltspoon.

But an idea struck him.

"My frents," he cried, "I vill show you some dricks."

Taking up a spoon, he said, "You zee dees spoon? Vell, it ees gone!" he cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You vill fint it in Joshua's boodt."

It was found.

A Song for the Dudes.

A nonsense song, said to have been written, words and music, by Miss Yznaga, has been very popular of late among the Newport dudes. It runs thus:

Pretty lips sweeter than cherry or plum
Always look smiling and never look glum,
Seem to say
Come away,
Kissy, come! come!
N'yum, n'yum, n'yum,
N'yum, n'yum, n'yum!

Of course the effect lies more in the manner than in the matter of the performance.

A Summer Tragedy.

Boston Bulletin.

Moon—
Spoon—
Glove—
Love—
Kiss—
Bliss—
* * *
Fall—
Call—
Cool—
Fool—
Letter—
Better.

How he Manages.

Life.

"Mr. Isaacs, excuse me, but how tid you get of dose vine glodings?"

"From der railtroat, Mr. Kupfenheimer."

"Der railtroat!"

"Yas, Mr. Kupfenheimer, my leetle Penchamin, he vas gilt in der Goney Island grush doo monts ago; and so I sents my modder-in-law town py der Long Island drain effery day, unt last veek she vas smash up in der gollision. Der bolicy bays, Mr. Kupfenheimer. I haf a larch vamily."

The Piute Definition of Whisky.

Chief Sam in an Interview.

"One whisky—'Hurrah, boys!' Two whisky—'G—d d—n!' Three whisky—'Heap fight um, shoot um, kill um!'"

TAMPICO, TENN.—Rev. D. F. Manly, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of indigestion and nervousness after physicians failed."

Miscellany.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Rhode Island and Delaware together are smaller than the Yellowstone Park.

Some land in the City of London was lately sold at the rate of $3,300,000 an acre.

It is proposed to raise the salary of Philadelphia's Mayor from $5,000 to $10,000 a year.

The two unfinished tunnels on the Northern Pacific Road will, it is said, cost $10,000,000.

Buffalo has more miles of railroad track within its corporate limits than any other City in existence.

It is proposed to erect a statue to Dickens in London and to place placques on the houses in which he lived.

Negros now own full one-third of Edisto Island—one of the famous South Carolina sea island long staple cotton bearers.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Michigan has prohibited the raising of money for Church purposes, fairs, excursions, etc.

Georgia has discovered a new industry. The farmers gather sumac leaves and sell them to the woolen mills for dyeing purposes.

Dana, of the *Sun*, has taken to collecting china and chickens. He has already $50,000 invested in china and $10,000 in fancy chickens.

Boston has 304 electric lights, and yet lots of prominent citizens still continue to remove their hats to the old fashioned lamp-posts at 3 A. M.

The Buffalo *Express* says that a well-known resident of Fifth avenue has paid his neighbor $5,000 not to lease his house for business purposes.

The man who painted the spire of the Roman Catholic Church in Omaha was photographed standing on the cross, 210 feet above the pavement.

The King of Siam beats New York brokers in trade dollar speculation. He is buying them at 90 in Singapore, and making them into two Siamese ticals, which pass at 60 cents each.

It is hoped that when the French make their new treaty with China they will insist upon a clause making it a penal offense for the coolie man to bring home two 40-cent gauze undershirts instead of the silk handkerchief you gave $3 for.

Young politician writes: "Why does a State have a Legislature?" My dear boy, it doesn't. The Legislature has the State, every time. Has it by the throat, by a large majority. Has it by the pocketbook. Has it on its back.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Pittsburg has settled for the riots of 1877, paying $2,780,538 as its share of the damage. Of this, $1,693,495 was for injury to railroad property, $279,460 for personal property, $455,406 for freight and $259,887 for special freight. Pittsburg doesn't want any more mobs.

It is related that at the banquet which was recently given to Mr. Irving at Glasgow, one of the guests, a clergyman, was so overcome by the presence of the great tragedian that he proposed, and duly toasted things, that he offered his services as honorary chaplain during Mr. Irving's American tour.

The Count de Chambord had a passion for hunting. Among the stories of his last illness is one to the effect that he recently had his couch wheeled out into the park, that he might there, propped up with pillows, and his gun steadied by an attendant, shoot a stag that was caught and led up for the purpose.

A writer in Forest and Stream, who has been looking at a mosquito through a microscope, says the bill combines five distinct surgical instruments. These are a lance, two meat saws and a blood suction pump, the fifth instrument being forgotten, but the writer labors under the impression that it is a Corliss engine to run the rest of the factory.

The Chicago *Tribune*, it is said, receives for a column of advertisements 26,000 a year. The New York *Herald* receives for its lowest priced column $39,738, and for its highest $548,000. The New York *Tribune*, for the lowest $20,754, and for its highest $85,648; and these papers, it is stated, are never at a loss for advertisements to fill their columns.

It is said that when the coffin of the great Napoleon was opened long after his death at St. Helena, his toe-nails had grown clear through his boots, and his hair stuck through the chinks of the coffin. Him—that might easily occur; but the story that his knee-breeches had grown into a pair of modern double pantaloons, with a pistol sticking out of his hip pocket, sounds a little less plausible.

A North Carolina farmer owns a dog that climbs trees after possums and coons. He doesn't strick his toe-nails in like a cat, but climbs like a boy. Recently it shinned up a big elm and caught an immense coon. During the fight that ensued both fell to the ground, but the dog had the best of the fall and won the trick. The dog is said to have learned to climb by seeing the boys going up trees after game.

Peoria has only 40,000 inhabitants, but there is one respect in which it is the biggest City in the land. There is no other from which the Government receives so large an amount of internal revenue. Thirteen immense distilleries make this the center of whisky manufacture. The tax is 90 cents a gallon. The largest distillery is under contract to send every drop of its product to France, to be used in the natives wines of that vine-clad country.

FOR THE LADIES.

"Lily" Langtry's name is Emilie Charlotte.

The Queen of Roumania is to be divorced because she is childless.

The fund for a monument to the memory of the late Mlle. Litta, at Bloomington, Ill., now amounts to nearly $2,000.

A cablegram from Jennie Sargent, the Boston soprano, announces that she is engaged for the season at Naples.

Princess Louise's painting is on exhibition in Boston, and the cruel papers of that City speak of it as "a picture five feet long."

The Empress of Austria wears a train 30 feet long, and when she walks up stairs the disheartened Emperor goes up in the elevator.

Phebe Cozzens will probably lecture this Winter on "What I Know About Cyclones." Every married man will be interested.

Groom—"Ahem! What is the charge?" Minister—"Oh, I leave that to you." Groom (generously)—"Well, I won't charge anything, neither!"

The Nashville people gave Mrs. Polk, widow of the President, a handsome bouquet with the number 80 in the center on her 80th birthday.

Sara Bernhardt and her husband, M. Damala, have formally separated. Mme. Bernhardt has stipulated to regularly pay to M. Damala a handsome allowance.

Mme. Carla Serena, the explorer and writer, has been made an honorary corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Marseilles. She is the first woman ever thus distinguished.

A —— girl has one foot in the grave, but unless the cemetery is enlarged she will be unable to get the other one in. (Patent reversible joke; can be used either in Chicago or St. Louis.)—*Rochester Post Express.*

Two young ladies at boarding-school: "You have seen Jeanne's betrothed. What sort of a man is he?"

"He walks slowly; he has a mournful, solemn air—in short, a first-class husband."

A middle-aged lady applied to Mr. Barnum for the position of circus manager. When asked about her professional she naively replied that she had been married three times, and if any one could explain the word circus she was the person.

"Your mother-in-law appears to have a pain in the side!" "No; at all. She has a toothache." "But every now and then I see her hand on her side, as though she felt a pain there!" "That is because she has put her teeth in her pocket."—*From the French.*

Charlie went to see the apple of his eye the other evening, and, after a proper amount of affectionate conversation, said: "I'll give you a pair of earrings, dear, if you'll earn them by letting me bore your ears." "Haven't I earned them already, then?" queried the fair object of his affection.

The Queen has entrusted the task of writing her biography to Miss Kellie, a Scotch lady, introduced by Lord Ronald Gower. Little progress has yet been made with the work. The Queen has ordered an extensive section of Windsor Castle to be lighted with the Edison electric light.

Miss Marion Cutter, the adopted daughter of Commodore Cutter, United States Navy, and so well known in Washington society, while traveling abroad with him recently met an English nobleman, who, falling desperately in love, proposed and was accepted, and in a short time married to Miss Cutter.

The medical faculty of Paris has got an additional member in a young American lady named Mlle. Victorine Bennets. This young lady had chosen as the subject of her thesis "Infantine Paralysis," and sustained her arguments in a most brilliant manner, which elicited tae applause of the doctors on the jury.

Mme. de B., who will not acknowledge even to herself that she is growing old, although she has a son of 15 and tall of his age, has found an ingenious means of keeping up her illusions. She has had her son naturalized as a Scotchman, which permits her to dress him in short clothes and let him go with uncovered limbs.

Epaulet bows are much worn by young ladies with their early Fall dress. Only one bow is used, and this may be used on either shoulder. The ends may drop evenly in back or front, but the newest caprice is to have the ends fall far below the waist in the back. A rosette of ribbon of two or three shades, with some banging loops and ends, is also worn at the left side on the line of the waist.

Love-stricken Satinette desires to give her faithful swain a strong proof of her affection. She asks her friend Georgette's advice.

"Don't you know what to do?" replies the latter. "You must commit suicide."

"I commit suicide?"

"Of course, my dear. Not in earnest, you know."

"But how can I do it in fun?"

"Why, you little stupid, go to a hotel, ask for a room and in the middle of the night hang yourself to the bell-cord."

Miss Chamberlayne, of Ohio, who spent the Winter of 1881-82 in London without creating any special sensation, and who has since been admired rather publicly by the Prince of Wales, is said to be engaged to a great Montana cattle dealer named Cairns. Miss Chamberlayne has not been fortunate enough in England in a matrimonial point of view, but then English gentlemen do not care their fiances or wives admired by the Prince of Wales and his set. They think it does them no good socially or any other way.

Miss Louise H. Ian Allen, the American lady killed by injuries received at Casamicciola, was a resident of San Francisco. She had both legs broken below the knees, and one foot nearly cut off. The very weak condition in which she was found prevented amputation, and, after nearly 10 days of terrible suffering, she expired on the 7th inst. Her body is being embalmed to be sent home for burial by the side of her mother, in the old family burying-ground at Bergen. She was the only child, and her father is now left alone in the world.

THE QUEER CANE CRAZE.

Imaginary Walking Sticks for the Protection of Slims. Popularity of the Dressy English Ash—Ebony the Old Reliable.

New York Morning Journal.

"By gwasious Gus, I've bwoken my stick," exclaimed a "slim" at West Broadway and Chambers street yesterday to his companion as he gazed ruefully at the shattered cane, and slyly felt in his pocket to see if he had enough money to get a new one.

"Maw yer should handle yer stik more gwacefully yer know," responded his companion.

"You'd aw bettah hurwy's get another one yer know, ev the girlies won't wok with yer, yer know."

Together they entered a cane and umbrella store near by, and a *Journal* reporter, who happened to overhear the conversation, followed them out of curiosity. The fashion plate who had broken his "stick" summoned the clerk with a wave of his hand and demanded to see "some of yer woking sticks, yer know."

Several were shown him, but he was not suited. One was too heavy and another too thick. Finally a Rajah cane was brought to light, and feeling the weight of the stick both "slims" were transported with delight. Its weight was hardly perceptible.

"It won't make me round-shouldered, yer know," said he, "and then I can put it down my bwack when I feel myself giving way too, yer know." After feeling in every pocket of his clothes a look of unspeakable terror swept over his face, and turning to his companion whispered, loud enough for the reporter to hear—"lend me a shilling, old boy, I've only got six pence, yer know. Its doosid awkward ter be short, yer know." The amount was transferred under a very small handkerchief, the cane paid for and the "slims" walked out on their toes, holding their elbows away from their sides.

"They are curious cases," laughed the clerk, as he rearranged the disordered canes that had been handled by the "slims."

"Do you have many such customers?" was asked.

"What, like that?" he asked, eyeing the reporter with a peculiar gleam in his optical orbs. "Do you mean to insult me by asking such a question, after looking over that stock of canes?" he demanded laughingly, as he moved his hand toward a bundle of slight nothings that stood in the window with a 25-cent sign tacked on the top.

"Have many! Well I shold say so. Just wait until I put this ferrule on and I'll show you some styles that are in demand just now."

The operation being completed, he took down several canes from a rack against the wall, and taking a very light-colored stick from among them studded with silver nails, said: "Can you tell me what this is and where it comes from?"

The cane was drab in color and very slim at the bottom, the handle being composed of a natural root.

"English ash?" ventured the reporter.

"That's it, exactly, and not one in a hundred can tell this wood when they see it, either. Its a very peculiar wood, being sometimes very pliable and then again very brittle. They are used a great deal by those who dress for effect only. They cost from 25 cents to $3, according to their quality."

"What are the fancy woods?"

"Black and white bamboo have had the foremost position for some time past," was the reply, "but are gradually going out before the pretty ash. A black bamboo with silver mounting makes a handsome cane without a doubt, but then you see, people don't want pretty things as much as they do odd patterns. Ebony is an odd wood, but is still used a great deal because its reliable."

"Do 'slims' often buy heavy canes?"

"'Slims,' what are they?" asked the clerk in surprise.

"'Slim' is a new name for dudes."

"Oh, I see. Well, no, but they often buy the Holly Hock, which is a very large cane, but not as heavy as a willow switch. It gives the impression that it is very heavy."

"This," he said in conclusion, "is also a nice wood, oeing very pliable. Can you guess what it is? Well its snake wood, and when mounted in silver makes a splendid stick."

There are several varieties of heads and handles to canes, the open, Polo, Masebt, Zulu, Rustic, and Sickle being among those most sought after.

In umbrellas, the La Petite takes the lead, it being the finest and lightest umbrella made. The self-opening sunshade, although a very novel idea, does not meet with approval.

"People are taking more interest in the manufacture of canes," said the clerk as the reporter was leaving, "and a great many new styles are constantly being put on the market. We now sell loaded canes to keep and—I mean 'slims' from wandering away and getting lost."

Sensible Mary.

New York World.

A gentleman who knew Miss Anderson very well was asked by the Prince of Wales to say that he would indicate a time when it would be agreeable to her to receive an introduction to his Royal Highness. She replied that while she wished to show no disrespect to the future ruler of England, she must decline to receive him. Such a reply had never before been made to a request for an introduction by a Prince of the blood, and she was asked to explain. "An introduction to the Prince of Wales," she pluckily answered, "can do me no good professionally, and I know very well how he regards actresses generally. Personally I have always maintained my dignity and self-respect, and I do not mean to put myself in any position voluntarily where I may be compelled to forget them. Therefore I must decline to be presented to him. I have gone thus far in life without a breath of scandal attaching to me, and I do not mean now to do anything that might change that condition." This settled the matter. The story got out in London and was widely repeated, and it was noticeable after that that the Princess of Wales invited Miss Anderson to her garden party, an honor she has never before conferred on any actress of the English stage.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BEYOND THE SUNRISE. Observations by Two Travelers. Published by J. W. Lovell, 14 and 16 Vesey street, New York. Toledo, T. J. Brown, Eager & Co. Price, 20 cents.

The observations of the two anonymous travelers in their little work "Beyond the Sunrise," are outlines of the philosophy of Psychology. There are many observations on Occultism and Theosophy, and the science of the soul, in all its bearings, is fully discussed. It is a well written work and gives a great deal of personal experience in phenomena wholly outside of spiritualism, experiences that are very interesting and very graphically told.

THE OVERSHADOWING POWER OF GOD—By Horace Bowen, M. D. Transcribed in verse by Sheridan Wait. New Life Publishing Co., Cold Spring, Putnam Co., N. Y.

Mr. Bowen, in a pouderous way gives his "synopsis of a new philosophy concerning the nature of the soul of man, its union with the animal soul, and its gradual creation through successive acts of overshadowing and the insertion of shoots, to its perfection in Jesus the Christ, with illustrations of the inner meaning of the Bible from the Hebrew roots."

TRIAL PRACTICE AND TRIAL LAWYERS—By J. W. Donovan. Published by William H. Stevenson, St. Louis, Mo. Toledo, T. J. Brown & Co.

An invaluable aid to students and a book that old lawyers may read with pleasure and profit. Mr. Donovan thoroughly understands the ins and outs of trial practice and his descriptions of famous trial lawyers are exceedingly interesting. Among others he speaks of James T. Brady, Edwin M. Stanton, William H. Seward, Lyman Tremain and D. S. Dickinson. The style is clear and concise and the illustrations he gives to the various points made are all bright and fresh.

THE POST—NICENE GREEK FATHERS. By Rev. George A. Jackson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The third of the Early Christian Literature primers brings the history of the early writers down to the year A. D. 750, beginning with Eusebius A. D. 340, the Father of Church History, and ending with John of Damascus, A. D. 750. Among other writers whose histories, together with extracts of their works, are so clearly and ably given in this little book, are Athanasius, the great Trinitarian, Cyril of Jerusalem, the orthodox Arian, Ephraim Syrus, the Syraic preacher in song, the holy Basil, Chrysostom, the preacher, and the blessed Theodoret. The work is very thorough and shows great care and thought in its preparation.

MEDIAEVAL CIVILIZATION. By George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Drury College, Springfield, Mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Prof. Adams lays claim to no special originality in this sketch, which is one of Messrs. Appleton's History primers. It is a statement of facts drawn from the best authorities, admirably presenting a systematic view of the period and giving a clear conception of its part in the long and constant progress of the race. He seeks to furnish such an outline as may serve for an introduction to more detailed study, and for a brief review after such study has been completed. These are two of the most important uses of a primer, and the reader will find that they have been carefully done.

THE HOME LIBRARY. By Arthur Penn. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The latest of Appleton's series of Home Books is one of the best, treating as it does, of the Home Library. Mr. Penn makes a strong plea for the best books, and then speaks of the buying and owning of books. Other chapters are "On Reading," "On Fiction," with a list of a hundred best books "On the Library and its Furniture," "Lending and Marking of Books," etc. In his "Hints Here and There" he says, "Never deface books in any way. Never scribble on them needlessly. Never dis figure them with unnecessary stamps, or with stamps in unappropriate places. A good book is a good friend, and should be treated with the respect due to a friend."

KING'S DICTIONARY OF BOSTON. By Edwin M. Bacon, with an historical introduction by George E. Ellis, D. D. Boston: R. M. Pulsifer & Co., Boston Herald.

Modeled upon the well-known "Dictionary of London," this volume is a great improvement upon the more pretentious work from which its name comes. The Dictionary of Boston is just what a stranger wants, and in the many citizens of the Hub who could find amusement and profit in glancing over its pages. Under carefully arranged headings are descriptions of all parts of Boston, its local features, land-marks, government and public institutions, corporations, and societies, clubs, fraternities, repositories of literature, science and the arts, and a great deal of history, descriptions and statistics. It is an invaluable book for a visitor to the City of crooked streets.

MRS. LIVERMORE'S NEW BOOK.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, the enterprising publishers of Boston, have just announced their intention to issue at an early date Mrs. Livermore's long-promised volume, entitled "What Shall We Do With Our Daughters?—Superfluous Women, and Other Lectures." For nearly a quarter of a century, Mrs. Livermore has occupied the enviable position of being the foremost among female American orators, and from the days of the Sanitary Commission until now, her burning words and glowing utterances in the cause of right and justice have been listened to with wrapt attention and have been applauded for their sound commonsense by all intelligent people.

Wearied by the hardships of the lecture-field, and no longer able to endure them, Mrs. Livermore now enters a new field—that of an author, whose reputation, however, is already made. It may safely be assumed that that her book will be widely sought, and that its sale, especially among mothers, will be something phenomenal.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Table of contents for October: "A Roman Singer," VII., VIII., F. Marion Crawford; "Heredity," Henry W. Holland; "En Province," VI., Henry James; "Persepolis," Frances L. Mace; "Cream-White and Crow-Black," E. M. De Jarnette; "Newport," VIII., IX., George Parsons Lathrop; "Two Emigrants," Barbara Heaton; "Mænalism in Religion," Elizabeth Robins; "Pere Antoine," Davida Coit; "Recollections of Rome During the Italian Revolution," L. William Chauncy Langdon; "Volcano Studies," Horace D. Warner; "Knowledge;" "The Mutilation of Ancient Texts," Wm. S. Liscomb; "Amiability; A Philosophied Tragedy," Edward Thomas Stevenson; "Historic Notes of Life and Letters in Massachusetts," Ralph Waldo Emerson; "A-Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlement," Charles Egbert Craddock; "The Voyage of the 'Jeannette'," "Mr. White on Shakspere and Sheridan;" Lodge's Webster;" "The Contributors' Club;" "Books of the Month."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The October issue presents a most attractive table of contents. Sen. N. P. Hill writes of "Gold and Silver as Standards of Value." A. V. Dicey writes upon "Some Aspects of Democracy in England." Under the title of "Co-Operative Distribution" the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton gives a sketch of the rise, progress and solutions of co-operative merchandise in the United States during the past 50 years. Prof. W. Boyd

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Math matical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all a reasonable opportunity to ask and answer these questions, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise its discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm before inserting a business card.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they can be asked to believe that the question remains unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions pertaining to the department should never be written on the same sheet with those containing subscriptions or advertisements. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

S. F., Oneida Co., N. Y.: Address O. D. Case & Co., Hartford, Conn.

M. F. L., Beech Creek, Pa.: Write to T. W. Talmadge, Washington, D. C.

M. S. C., Highland, Kan.: Address Quaker City Stencil Works, 234 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

N. G. K., Fulton City, W. T.: Where is the Chatterbox published? Boston, Mass.

A. S., Pocahontas, Ct.: Please give me the names of several leading papers of Atlanta, Ga.

Constitution, Post, Southern Advance, Republican, Sunny South, Southern Planter and Grange.

J. H. B., Columbus, Iowa: Please give the title of all of J. G. Holland's works, the price of each, and where they can be purchased.

Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, for catalogue.

W. P., Burnham Station, Me.: 1. What is the "Grand Army Blood fluid-boil?" 2. Who is the federal Pension Agent, and what is his address?

1. Yes. 2. G. K. Barnes, St. Paul, Minn.

M. L. A., Grand View, Tenn.: Can you give me information how to preserve seed from Africa with any reasonable certainty of vitality?

Write to James W. Sifer, Cape Town, Africa.

G. S., Kittanning, Pa.:
Please let me know how I can get on the United States Detective force.

You would probably have to be run through the Civil Service mill, with headquarters at Washington.

M. T. D., Custer, O.:
What an applicant's declaration for pension is filed with the Commissioner of Pensions, has an attorney any influence or power to forward or hinder the prosecution of the claim?

We think not, unless it be in the way of supplying evidence.

T. N., Sterling, Mich.:
Please inform me where to get a plat of what Government land is left in Michigan; also a plat showing who owns what and how sold?

The Land Offices are located at Marquette, Detroit, East Saginaw and Reed City.

A. J. S., Alma City, Minn.:
Where can I find the census of 1880 of each State and County?

Send to American News Company, New York, for American Almanac for 1883. Price, $1.50 for library edition; 25 cents for paper cover.

J. K., Pierce, O.:
At what age should grape be transplanted?

At the North, the plants should be taken up in the autumn, assorted, and buried in a dry place. The ledge row being well prepared, the plants are set the following spring, six inches to a foot apart, first shortening both top and root.

W. B. S., Eagle, Mich.:
What will kill nits or lice on birds?

To clean Canary birds, place a clean white cloth over their cage at night. In the morning it will be covered with small red spots. For lice on poultry, dump the skin under the feathers with water, then sprinkle a little sulphur on the skin.

We again notify correspondents that we do not know where they can dispose of their old coins. The table published some weeks ago was furnished by a St. Louis gentleman, who is out of the business now. The BLADE publishes stock quotations, also, but does not give the name and address of every dealer in the country.

A. W., Amesville, Mo.:
You can't pay $1 a month for the first two years. Please state the rate of increase after that time.

For the first two years $11 a month, for the third year $14 a month, for the fourth $15 a month, and for the fifth $16 a month. That is equivalent to $40 a month outside, for these men have all things furnished them. They are allowed $211 for clothing for the five years. Men who can work at a trade are paid 35 cents a day additional.

M. L. H., Candor, N. Y.:
Please tell me how to make mucilage to fasten wrappers of bottles.

Moisten five parts good glue in 18 to 20 parts water for a day, and to the liquid add nine parts rock candy and three parts gum arabic. One or two drops of cityrolae in a small bottle of mucilage makes a great improvement. Sulphate of quinine is a complete protection against mould, a very small quantity of it being sufficient to prevent gum mucilage from spoiling.

J. G., Kelseyville, Cal.:
Was there ever a law in any of the States to punish people with death for witchcraft? If so, was it ever enforced?

Yes, there were a number of executions in Massachusetts, including 12 women, one clergyman and one man over 80 years old. Some clergymen encouraged the prosecution of "witches," in the belief that Satan was making a special effort against the victory over the saints. In May, 1692, there were 150 in jail charged with witchcraft, when the Governor set them free.

T. M., Ford's Depot, Va.:
I would like to have the tariff declarations of the two great parties in 1876 and 1880.

Republican, 1876: "The revenue necessary for current expenditures and the obligations of the public debt must be largely derived from duties upon importations, which so far as possible should be adjusted to promote the interests of American labor and advance the prosperity of the whole country." Reaffirmed in 1880. Democratic, 1876: "We demand that all Custom-house taxation shall be only for revenue." In 1880: "A tariff for revenue only."

J. R. A., Musquaka, Iowa:
1. Will you please give a recipe to make water-proof horse covers? 2. What will cure the leaves or prevent them?

1. Metallic soap is highly recommended. It can be made with little expense as follows: Soft soap is to be dissolved in hot water, and a solution of copperas (sulphate of iron) added. The sulphuric acid combines with the potash of the soap, and the oxide of iron is precipitated with the fatty acid as insoluble iron soap. This is washed and dried, and mixed with linseed oil. The addition of dissolved India rubber to the oil greatly improves the paint. 2. A cure is impossible, but great relief may be had by feeding the horse on light, nutritious food, in moderate quantities, and by improving his digestion by alkalies, acids or tonics. The following is recommended: Calomel, digitalis, opium, camphor, of each 30 grains; make into a ball and give once or twice a day. After a week discontinue the calomel.

S. G. A., Grand Rapids, Minn.:
What is the comparative fuel value of the woods of the United States? What is the most valuable tree, by weight?

Fifty-five species, natives of all parts of the country, were experimented upon with the following result: Most valuable species for fuel by volume, the mountain mahogany of the Pacific coast, followed by the Southern long-leaved pine, shell-bark hickory, chestnut-oak; pitch-pine, and other varieties of hickory, pine, oak, and hard-wood trees. The different species of oak, however, vary widely in their value by volume. The most valuable tree, by weight, is the Southern pine, and it is followed by the pitch and yellow pines, cypress, yellow pine of the Pacific region, and other conifers; and among the broad-leaved trees, the mesquite, sugar-maple, aspen, cotton wood, and white-ash. The least valuable woods in volume, among the Atlantic species, are hemlock, aspen, black spruce, white pine, tulip-tree, and yellow or white cedar. The least valuable in respect to weight are the persimmon, black-oak, tulip-tree, water-oak, black-jack, and the white oak of the North Pacific.

essie, Mt. Auburn, O.:
Is it called suicide when poison is taken for other medicinal

all the vital principles
the old Democracy of Andrew J
son have been carried out by the
publican party of the United States.
plause.) Upon this question of the Tari
could show you the proclamations and
sages of Gen. Jackson—and endorse e
one of them—and show you that fo
years of Congressional life I have acte
the principles proclaimed by Jac
and abandoned by the modern Democ
which was carried off by the Robe
and by the war. (Renewed applause.) W
my friend found himself in that positio
had to try some other tack. He had
employed as

THE HIRED ATTORNEY

for the distillers and liquor dealers to
the case made by them in the Sup
Court of the State of
as to the constitutionality of
Scott law. He was their agent,
ployed as such. There was no objectio
that; that was perfectly proper. It
perfectly proper for him to defend the
terests of his clients, but no sooner ha
commenced to talk in the County of
ler, next to that where he lives, tha
commenced to talk about the drun
makers, and said the Scott law would
drunkards, and all that sort of thing.
countrymen, our saloon friends the
that that was a queer kind of a cand
they had appointed, who, in the very
speech he made commenced denou
them as "drunkard-makers." He f
that would not do. So he went off int
northeastern part of Ohio—in a ver
spectable and honored community, w
the people hold their property in com
and work together in common, went t
Town of Zoar. There he knew the people
raised their grapes, had pressed out
juice, had used as much as they wanted a
sold the rest. They were very much
posed to the Scott law, fearing it might
terfere with their business. So Ju
Headly, when he got there, came out v
much against the Scott law. He gave
sons why it should not pass, which I
examine hereafter. Then he said he did
want any Prohibitionist to vote for h
There again he put his foot in it. I tell y
my countrymen, that in every County
the State of Ohio there are plain, law-ab
ing, liberty-loving kind of people—De
crats—that will

VOTE THE PROHIBITION TICKET

at this very election. [Applause.] A
these people took him at his word. Ju
Headly wouldn't be anywhere in Br
County, where I told you I went in sea
of a good candidate for the Legislature
would stand in favor of the Scott law
found the whole Democracy there were
ing to vote for the Scott law. In the Con
in which I live—Richland—where we h
some old-fashioned Democrats, by inhe
ance, sometimes their fathers were Democ
that had voted for Jackson—they are n
good people, and I have noth
to say against them—I know th
are hundreds of them who will vote
Prohibition ticket. And Judge Hoa
was at once warned, for these people t
him at his word. He might as well give
the case first as last. And so mistake a
mistake he made, and then after all
remained, when he found he had lost
foothold on this question of the Democracy, he c
menced to talk about

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

all over the State. [Laughter.] W
now, what was that? He said that the
publican party had, during the last sess
of Congress, by the passage of the Ta
bill reduced the duty on wool two or t
cents a pound. This Democratic pa
had opposed, at least he left that im
ence to be drawn. Well, my countryn
he hadn't been there. He hadn't
the Congressional Record. I d
know what party was responsi
But I was there an active participant
the controversy on wool. It was not
tended by the Democratic party to cr
discontent among the wool growers. W
was the real fact? There had been a D
ocratic Tariff up to 1861. In all the De
cratic Tariffs that had been proposed
Congress, no duty on wool was ever fi
by the Democratic party at higher t
five cents per pound. Twenty or 25 p
centum *ad valorem* was the duty when
Republican party came into power in 1
It been we came to frame the Morrill Ta
Bill we provided a Tariff of nine cents
pound on the class of wool that ente
into competition with our own domes
wool, but that was not satisfactory.
nally, in 1867, the wool growers and w
manufacturers met together. The wool
dustry was somewhat depressed. And t
the Republican party took up the questi
of the proper protection of wool and wo
ens, and in 1867 passed a law which gave
a duty on certain grades, worth 33 cents
less, of 10 cents a pound and 10 percents
ad valorem, and on wool which was wo
more it was about 12 cents per pound a
11 percentum *ad valorem*. This Tari
which gave satisfactory protection due
growers of wool, was

VOTED FOR BY EVERY REPUBLICAN

in Congress. It was a Republican measu
and it was voted against by every Dem
cratic Congressman. Then the tide was
drawn. The Democrats were opposed
the principle of Protection; we were
favor of it. We passed the law of '67. A
so it went on in a satisfactory way. Und
the operation of that Tariff, wool-growi
in the State of Ohio and wool manufactu
ing all over the country were largely pr
perous and enormously increased. In 18
on account of the vastly overflowing re
nues of the Government, it became nec
sary to reduce the taxes in some respec
It was proposed by Mr. Bayard, an
member of the Democratic party of t
United States, to put the duty down to
percentum ad valorem. As the avera
value of wool, or the foreign valuation,
about 16 or 17 cents a pound, it made t
duty somewhere like four or five cents
pound. That was the duty that this Dem
cratic leader proposed to give the wo
grower. And, my countryman, all t
Democrats—one year ago every Democra
Senator voted for that proposition of M
Bayard's, including Mr. Pendleton himse
That was their idea of

THE DUTY ON WOOL!

But subsequent to that the Tariff Co
mission reported a bill which proposed
repeal the ad valorem tax and leave
specific duty of 10 or 12 cents a pound.
did not believe it was necessary or wise
make this reduction. I believed th
domestic competition would itself bri
down the prices of woolens and the value
woolens, as it had done in all other countri
At the request of the wool growers of Oh
and at the request of the General Assemb
I offered an amendment in the Senate
restore the duty on wool to 12 and 14 ce
on different grades. That proposition co
supported by me and by other Republica
in debate. When the vote came upon
every Democrat but three voted against
Of these three, one was Voorhees, one w
Mr. Pendleton and one a Senator from W
Virginia. They voted with the majori
of the Republicans for the proposition at
the reduction on wool was defeated by Demo
combined vote of the Democratic Senator
with the New England Senators, who were
naturally in favor of cheap wool.

So this is the cry of "wool
wool! wool!" which Mr. Hoadly
started just before he got sick
and went to Philadelphia—got the malaria,
or something of that kind—[Laughter.] I
never got it, and I think I will not, and I
hope I won't. He went off before that cry
was started here.

It is now clearly demonstrated that it was
the Democratic party

THAT LOWERED THE TARIFF ON WOOL.

But even if it stands, my countrymen, the
present duty on wool is twice as high a
there was ever proposed by the Democrati
party. But they say we Republicans are
responsible, because although the Demo
crats had prevented the restoration of t
duty on wool, we voted for the Tariff bi
So we did. I had not voted for that bi
the Democrats would have defea
it. It was a bill that embrac
more than a thousand differen
articles. It lifted off the shoulders of
the people of the United States $77,000,000
of taxes. If I hadn't voted for the passage
of that bill, you never would have hear
the last of it, and I never would have hear
the last of it, and I ought to have been
consigned to a political death, forever an
forever. We had the courage to pass th
bill. It took off all internal taxes, exce
upon whisky, tobacco and beer, and it le
ample protective duties on all the indu
tries of life, except, only that as we ha
the duty on wool; and that was defeated
the combined votes of the Democratic Se
ators and of the New England Senator
So much for that.

But Mr. Hoadly didn't wait for this ex
planation. He went off, but I hope will b
back. I wish him well. One Cincinnat
paper says I have abused him. I neve
have said an unkind word of him. I hav
friends all the high-toned gentlemen [illegible]...1612-1619
Friedrich II.....1440-1493 Ferdinand II.....1619-1637
Maximilian I.....1493-1519 Ferdinand III.....1637-1657
Karl V.....1519-1558 Leopold I.....1657-1705
Ferdinand I.....1558-1564 Joseph I.....1705-1711
Maximilian II.....1564-1576 Karl VI.....1711-1742
Rudolf II.....1576-1612 Karl VII.....1742 1745

HOUSE OF HABSBURG-LORRAINE.

Franz I.....1745-1765 | Leopold II.....1790-1792
Joseph II.....1765-1790 | Franz II.....1792-1806

THIRD INTERREGNUM.

Confederation of the Rhine.....1806-1815
German 'Bund'.....1815-1866
North German Confederation.....1866-1871

HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN

Wilhelm I.....1871

The average duration of reign of the above 55 Emperors of Germany was 17 years.

S. W., Marcy, Ill.:
Please give a brief account of Mormonism, the rise and split of the Church. Also tell us if Joseph Smith died a martyr.

There is a Mormon preaching here claiming that Joe Smith did not believe in polygamy, but that Brigham Young split off from the true church and established polygamy.

It is pretty well established that the "Book of Mormon" was written by Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College. He was ordained in 1785, and preached for three or four years; he then relinquished the ministry and engaged in mercantile business at Cherry Valley, N. Y. He died in Amity, Pa., in 1816. The book was written as a novel, and was designed to account for the peopling of America by deriving the Indians from the Hebrews. He was too poor to pay for the printing, and the manuscript was left in a printing office at Pittsburg, where Sidney Rigdon, connected with the office, made a copy of it, and returned the original to the author. Rigdon became a preacher of doctrines peculiar to himself, and very similar to those afterward incorporated into the "Book of Mormon." He became associated with Joseph Smith in 1829. They seem to have had but vague ideas as to the nature of the "church" they were about to establish. They finally settled into the doctrine that the millenium was close at hand, and they directed their energies in this direction. The church was first regularly organized at Manchester, N. Y., April 6, 1830. Smith, directed, as he said, by "revelation," in January, 1831, led the whole body of believers to Kirtland, O., which was to be the seat of the New Jerusalem. They afterwards moved to Independence, Mo., then returned to Kirtland, where they proposed to remain five years. They established a mill and store, and set up a bank without a charter, Smith as President and Rigdon as Cashier. Being accused of crookedness, something after the manner of bank officials at the present day, a mob dragged the poor prophets from their beds and tarred and feathered them. This was something the "revelations" failed to reveal. Brigham Young arrived at Kirtland in 1832, was soon after ordained an elder, and began to preach. In January, 1838, the bank at Kirtland having failed, Smith and Rigdon fled in the night and took refuge in Missouri. The inhabitants of that State finally rose against them and they took refuge in Illinois, April 6, 1841, the foundation of the temple was laid at Nauvoo. In 1838 Smith had persuaded several women to cohabit with him, calling them his spiritual wives. His wife became jealous of these rivals, and to pacify her Smith received, July 12, 1843, a revelation authorizing polygamy. In 1845 the heads of the church issued a manifesto, in which they said: "Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have but one wife, and one woman but one husband." It was not till 1852 that they admitted the truth, and boldly avowed and defended polygamy on the authority of the revelation of 1843. Meantime Smith in 1843 and 1844 made advances to so many women in Nauvoo that a great uproar was created. Among others who denounced him publicly was Mrs. Foster, wife of Dr. Foster. Her husband, with several others, renounced Mormonism and commenced the publication of a newspaper to expose Smith. In the first number the printed they affidavits of 16 women, to the effect that Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon and others had endeavored to convert them to the spiritual wife doctrine. This publication created great excitement, and May 6, 1844, Smith and a party of his followers razed the printing office to the ground and destroyed the press. The proprietors fled to Carthage and obtained warrants against Joseph, his brother Hyrum Smith, and 16 others. Smith refused to obey the order and drove the Constable from Nauvoo. The County authorities called out the militia to enforce the law; the Mormons armed themselves, when the Governor persuaded the two Smiths to surrender and take their trial. They were committed to jail at Carthage. On the evening of June 27 a mob attacked the jail, overpowered the guard and fired upon the prisoners. Hyrum Smith was instantly shot dead; Joseph returned the fire till his charges were exhausted, and then attempted to escape through the window, but was shot as he leaped through it and fell to the ground dead. Sidney Rigdon aspired to succeed Smith as head of the church, but Brigham Young was chosen first President, and Rigdon, being contumacious, was cut off from the communion of the faithful, cursed, and solemly delivered to the devil "to be buffeted in the flesh for a thousand years." In 1845 the charter of Nauvoo was repealed by the Legislature of Illinois. Early in the following year the Mormons gathered in considerable numbers at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Those who remained in Nauvoo became again involved in trouble, and in September, 1846, the City was cannonaded for three days, and its inhabitants were driven out at the point of the bayonet. In the following year pioneers crossed the plains from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake, where Brigham Young arrived July 24, 1847. In May, 1848, the main body of the Saints set out for Utah. In March, 1849, a Convention was held at Salt Lake City and a State organized under the name of Deseret. A Legislature was elected and a Constitution framed and sent to Washington; but Congress refused to recognize the new State; and in September organized the country occupied by the Mormons into the Territory of Utah, of which Brigham Young was appointed Governor by Pres. Fillmore. They have repeatedly defied the General Government, monopolized all the land, degraded women to the office of a breeding animal, and then bestowed upon her the ballot in a way that makes it a nullity if contested, and compel her to use it to perpetuate her own degradation if she avails herself of it. We have given considerable space to this subject, because recent events have shown that the Mormons do not propose to accept the Edmunds bill, and are as hostile to the Government to-day as they were when in open rebellion against it.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $2, dated at Union City, no County or State, papers ordered for G. Hixson and Mrs. L. Miller.

Letter containing $1, no name or address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing $1, dated at Hartford, no County or State, signed L. S. Palmor.

Letter containing $1, dated at Denison City, no County or State, signed by Geo. Knaur.

If Captain Jinks, of some place in Missouri, will say where his paper is going now, and where he wants it to go in the *future*, we will carry out his wishes.

Letter containing 25c., postmarked at Winches, Ind., no name or address given.

Letter containing 3 c., postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or order.

Letter containing $1, signed R. Blin, no State or postoffice address.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

When you have had Catarrh long enough just send 10c. to Dr. C. R. SYKES, 181 Monroe street, Chicago, for his "True Theory of Catarrh."

Rather Embarrassing All Around.
Boston Post.

If it were not for Judge Hoadly, whom we greatly respect, and who has striven hard for success, we should say let Ohio go to the dev— A crushing Democratic defeat may purge the party of its McLeans and Bookwalters, its would-be bosses, demagogs and knaves. A victory may only strengthen their purpose to dominate and disgrace the party as Foster et al. have dominated and disgraced the opposition.

THINK OF IT NOW!

Although much is said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the subject has never seriously claimed your attention. *Think of it now!*

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in **Scrofulous Sores, Ulcers, or Eruptions,** or in the form of **Rheumatism, or Organic Diseases,** the suffering that ensues is terrible. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

As well expect life without air as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

For the Blade.

HAMILTON.

BY FRANKLIN E. DENTON.

As Franklin drew the lightnings down
From their ethereal home,
And made them vassals to the crown,
Of all the years to come,
Yoking them to Progression's car,
Making more swift its journey far.

So, in his hand, with power endowed,
Columbia's sainted sire
Caught from the Revolution's cloud
The thaumaturgic fire
Of the genius of a Hamilton;
And, till the victory was won,

He leavened with it his own mind,
The clear, calm focus where
Each meteoric flash did find
A base from which to bear,
With best availability,
Upon the might from o'er the sea.

Ye, who the records love to read
Of this Republic's great,
Them, whom on thrones of thought or deed,
The centuries celebrate,
Pronounce, pronounce a greater one
Than Alexander Hamilton.

Chardon, O., Sept. 6, 1883.

Bad Month for the French Kings.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that the Compte de Chambord has died in a month that has proved fatal to many Kings of France. Philip I. died on the 3d of August, 1060; Louis VI. on the 1st of August, 1108; Louis IX. on the 25th of August, 1226; Philip VI. on the 23d of August, 1338; Louis XI. on the 30th of August, 1461; Henry III. on 2d of August, 1589. Louis Philippe also died in exile on the 26th of August, 1850. The 24th of August, the date of the Compte de Chambord's death, is also that of the birth of the Compte de Paris in 1838—a fact which will perhaps afford food for speculation to the believer in omens. It is, moreover, the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Nothing Like It.

No medicine has ever been known so effectual in the cure of all those diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood as SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP for the cure of Scrofula, White Swellings, Rheumatism, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Venereal Sores and Diseases, Consumption, Goitre, Boils, Cancers, and all kindred diseases. It purifies the system, brings color to the cheeks and restores the sufferer to a normal condition of health and vigor.

It is asserted that the ordinary cosmetics used by ladies are productive of great mischief We believe this is so, and that a better means of securing a beautiful complexion is to use some good blood medicine like SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP which cleanses the blood and gives permanent beauty to the skin.

A Plucky Girl.

Miss Van Lew, who has been lately appointed to a position in the Postoffice Department, is noted for her pluck. During the war, Union soldiers confined in the notorious Libby warehouse were frequently aided by Miss Van Lew to escape, and her house was a refuge in the latter days of the rebellion for numerous escaped prisoners. So offensive had Miss Van Lew become to her Rebel neighbors that, two nights before the evacuation of Richmond, a mob was organized to burn her house down. She pluckily defied them, and, calling the ringleaders by name, she informed them that Gen. Grant would be in Richmond within 24 hours, and that if a shingle of her house was disturbed she would retaliate in kind when the Union forces arrived.

Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure all cases of malaria. Sold by all druggists. Price one dollar.

Advice to an Alarmed Man.
Chicago Times.

Robert Blissert, a tailor who appeared before the Senatorial Committee on the Investigation of Labor Interests in New York, the other day, believes that one of the bloodiest revolutions that the world has ever known will take place within the next 10 years unless a blow—a knock-down blow—is struck at monopoly. Mr. Blissert, the tailor, should go to his goose and be wise.

Vigor, strength and health, all found in one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

That Toronto Lady Again.
Lowell Citizen.

A lady in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident and couldn't stop. Finally a doctor was called in, and he couldn't quiet her. As a last resort some one had to tell her that her back hair was coming down.

—SCROFULA.—A medicine that destroys the germs of Scrofula and has the power to root it out is appreciated by the afflicted. The remarkable cures of men, women and children as described by testimonials, prove Hood's Sarsaparilla a reliable medicine containing remedial agents which eradicate Scrofula from the blood. 100 doses $1.00. Sold by all dealers. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

What Troubles the Ohio Democrats.
Philadelphia Press (Rep.)

George Hoadly will find it uncommonly hard to run against a law making taxes small in a year when bad business prevents profits from being large.

Dr. Holman's Pad
CURES
MALARIA,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous & Sick Headaches
All Liver and Stomach Troubles.
It is also a sure PROTECTION against Yellow Fever.
Sea Sickness, Typhoid, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers; and will cure CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, SUMMER Complaints, CUTTLER'S Diseases, and many conditions from which ladies suffer in silence.
For further information send for Pamphlet or write to Dr. Holman personally. If not found at your nearest druggist, send registered letter direct to this office, and get your Pad by return mail.
Regular Pad, $5; Special Pad, $8, post paid.
HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
P. O. Box 2112. 93 William st., N. Y.

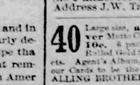
CARDS.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P.M., Hinganum, Ct.

50 elegant Chromo Cards, new designs. Best pack ever produced. Always please. Try them. Name on 10c. Acme Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

CARD COLLEC TORS—Illuminated, gilt, embossed and imported cards. Six elegant sets, 30 cards, no 2 alike! for two 10 cent stamps. Catalogues free. Address J. W. Taylor & Sons, Pubs., Rochester, N. Y.

40 Large size, all Gold and Silver Motto Cards, with your name, 10c. 4 packs 25c. Rolled Gold Seal Ring for only 50 cts. Agent's Album, 25 cts. We warrant these to be the Best Ever Sold. ALLING BROTHERS, Northford, Conn.



50 Satin Enamel Chromo Cards, 10c. Latest imported Silk Fringe, 25c. Elegant Ring or a beautiful imported Silk Handkerchief for 50c. Illustrated 100 page book, 25c. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

80 CARDS. BEST QUALITY. Gold finish, with name, 10 cts. We offer $100 for a pack of cards we cannot match. Send 25c. for a pack of cards and 4 Bladed Pearl Handled Knife FREE with every order for 12 Packs of 50 each (no names) of the Handsomest Chromo Cards for sale, including Gold and Silver, Panels, Swiss and Verse Floral, Good Luck, Scroll, Motto Fringe, Hidden Name, Ivy Wreath, Floral Bouquet, Floral Pallets, Pinecone, Birds. Every design new this fall. Send 25 cents for 5 packs and a present. 80 cent Agents' Sample Book, 25c. Address E. F. EATON & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

PENSIONS.

PENSION Writes T. W. Tallmadge, WASHINGTON, D. C. 21 years experience as Pension Attorney. Recommended by Senator John Sherman and others. Prosecutes all claims against the Government.

PENSIONS
for soldiers, widows, parents, children. Pensions for wounds, accidental injuries, rupture, diseases arising from exposure, rheumatism, varicose veins, piles, deafness, or any disease. Thousands not entitled, now have. Pensioners now entitled to an increase Bounty yet due thousands. Soldiers and heirs of 1812 and Mexican wars entitled to Pensions and Land Warrants. Have unexcelled facilities for securing

PATENTS.

This is one of the oldest and most responsible claim agencies in the U. S. Employ an attorney in Washington. Send two stamps for late laws, blanks and instructions. W. F. FITZGERALD, Attorney at Law, 1003 "F" street, Washington, D. C.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."
Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifier.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MUSIC.

Music Teachers! Choir Leaders!
School Teachers.

For Common Schools, SONG BELLS ($0 cts.) By L. O. Emerson. GOLDEN ROBIN (35c.) W. O. Perkins. WHIPPOORWILL (35c.) MERRY CHIMES (50 cts.) SONG ECHO (75 cts.)—All are good, cheerful, genial collections of School music.

For High Schools, WELCOME CHORUS ($1). By Tilden. LAUREL WREATH VOCAL ECHOES ($1). Female Voices. WELLESLEY COLLEGE COLLECTION ($1). HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR ($1). HOUR OF SINGING ($1). All are excellent books, by the best compilers.

For Singing Classes, THE SINGERS' WELCOME (75 cts.) By Emerson. FEERLESS (75c.) By W. O. Perkins. THE IDEAL (75 cts.). Classes with either of these books are sure to be successes.

For Musical Societies! REDEMPTION ($1). Novello edition. This new and remarkable work is well worth practicing. Also, the easy RUTH and BOAZ (75 cts.), and the fine scenic Cantata, JOSEPH'S BONDAGE ($1). Also all the Oratorios, Masses, and a large Number of Sacred and Secular Cantatas. Send for lists!

For Choirs, SHEPHERD CHURCH COLLECTION ($1.25). TEMPLE ($1.) HERALD OF PRAISE ($1.) ANTHEM HARP ($1.25). EMERSON'S BOOK OF ANTHEMS ($1.25). CHURCH OFFERING ($1.25). GEM GLEANER ($1), and many others. Send for descriptive lists.

Any book mailed for the retail price.
Lists free. Inquiries cheerfully answered.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 BROADWAY, N. Y.

PATENTS.

PATENT Procured or no charge. 40 p. book free. Advice free. Add. W. T. FITZGERALD, 1006 F St., Washington, D.C.

PATENTS.

F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. #3

MEDICAL.

Dr. Betts'
MEDICAL DISPENSARY
Toledo, Ohio.
MANHOOD RESTORED.
SPERMATORRHEA CURED.
Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Orchitis,
treated with unparalelled success, privately and safely, and in half the usual time.
Sexual Debility and Impotency, as the result of abuse or sexual excesses in maturer years, permanently cured.
Medicine wrapped in plain paper, and secure from observation, can be sent to any part of the country.
Correspondence confidential.
Pamphlet, 42 pages, free. Sent in a plain sealed envelope. Address
W. H. BETTS, M. D.,
Toledo, Ohio.

FOR THE BLOOD.

Swift's Specific has been the means of bringing health and happiness to thousands who were pronounced incurable of Blood and Skin Diseases.

HEAR THE WITNESSES.
Saved from a Horrible Death.

Up to May last I had spent at least $200 for treatment by many of the best medical men, without any benefit. I suffered excruciatingly, and all my best friends advised me that the icy hand of death was fast approaching. I caught at S. S. S. like a drowning man at a straw. After taking two bottles I could feel a change for the better. The sores began to discharge freely, and the rheumatism to abate. When I had taken six bottles every sore had healed, and my skin began to assume a natural appearance. I persisted until I had taken twelve bottles, large size, and THERE IS NOT a SYMPTOM OF THE DISEASE REMAINING, and I feel as well as I ever did. I have gained 21 pounds in flesh, and my friends wonder at my improved condition. I have recommended it to many, and in every instance with complete success. *I believe that S. S. S. has saved me from a horrible death.* C. H. SMILEY, Quincy, Ill.

I am sure that Swift's Specific saved my life. I was terribly poisoned with Malaria, and was given up to die. Swift's Specific relieved me promptly and entirely. I think it is the greatest remedy of the age. T. G. SPENCER, Supt. Gas Works, Rome, Ga.

Write for a copy of the little book—free.

$1,000 reward will be paid to any Chemist who will findon the analysis of 100 bottles S. S. S. one particle of Mercury, Iodide Potassium, or any mineral substance. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S
BALSAM For the LUNGS

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, Inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and the tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

What Ails You?

Are you suffering from any Chronic Disease as Catarrh, Bronchitis, all forms of Kidney Diseases, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Complaints, Diseases of the Blood and Nervous System, Female Weaknesses, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Syphilis, Sores, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Scrofula, Syphilis, Glands, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, etc.?

DO YOU WANT TO BE CURED?

By my system of printed and written examinations I am able, in thirty-eight cases in every one hundred, to determine the real nature of the disease, and I will cure nine in every ten. Nothing to do but for the patient to answer questions, if the patient were present in person; thus placing a matter of vital importance in the hands of those who cannot endure the expense and fatigue of visiting the best physicians.

State your case to me, I will consider it, and give you a candid, honest opinion. It will cost you nothing and may save your life. A strictly confidential. I use only plain envelopes. Examination blanks and the Health Helper sent free on application. Address DR. S. T. BAKER, P. O. Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

A BOON TO MEN

All those who from indiscretion, excesses or other causes are weak, unnerved, low spirited, physically drained, and mentally depressed, **Life's Essence** properly, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. *The Medical Weekly* says of the old plan of treating **Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c., is worthless.** Try **THE HARSTON SOLUTION.** Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect manhood. Simple, effective, safe, private. Send for treat

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE & CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, September 27, 1883.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.
LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

TERMS—Postage Paid.

Single copy, one year, $1.00, six months 50 cents, three months 25 cents. Clubs of 11, one year, $10—our best terms to agents for club of any size, whose ELEVENTH COPY FREE, or the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, post paid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FIRST PAGE.
Columns 1—Poetry.
" 1-2-3-4—Nasby in Exile.
" 4-5-6-7—Alderdi.
" 7-8—The Yellow Mask (continued.)

SECOND PAGE.
Columns 1—The Yellow Mask (continued.)
" 1-2—Pioneer Life Sketches.
" 2-3—Humor.
" 4-5-6—Selected Miscellany.
" 6—Correspondence from our Readers.

THIRD PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 4-5-6-7—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.
Columns 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Review of the Week.
" 3-4—Editorial on Leading Topics.
" 6—Nasby's Letter.
" 7—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8—John Sherman's Great Speech at Toledo.
" 8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—The Household.
" 6-7-8—The Young Folks.

SEVENTH PAGE.
Columns 1—Advertisements.
" 2-3—The Farm.
" 4—The Sunday School.
" 5-6-7—News of the Week.
" 7—The Highest Authority.

EIGHTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—News of the Week (concluded.)
" 5-6-7—The Markets—Advertisements.

Circulation Last Week, 113,000.

JAY GOULD has postponed his trip around the world. He will sail through the boys in Wall street just the same.

THE Democratic plot to capture the negro vote has failed all over the country. The trouble is the negroes have memories.

CHRISTINE NILLSON has received considerable attention from members of the Royal family in England as has Madame ALBANI.

THE letter of "Buckeye" was crowded out of its place this week by Sen. SHERMAN'S speech, and will be found on the second page.

CHARLES O'CONOR says that in his opinion there is nothing so nonsensical in in the whole history of literature as the fame given to PAYNE for "Home, Sweet Home."

IT is said that the large hotels in St. Petersburg could be converted into prisons in an hour, some of them, even to the doors, seeming to be hewn out of the solid rock.

AT last the base ball mask has been put to some good use. An insane woman in Indianapolis has been muzzled with one of them to keep her from biting her fellow prisoners.

CANADA is rapidly coming to the front. Her latest move is to open a woman's medical college. In about three years the male practitioners will wish they never had been born.

IN addition to his suit against CORNELL, Prof. FISK, it is said, has a lovely Italian Countess on his hands, whom he will soon marry. As she is very wealthy and in poor health, it won't matter much to him which way his suit goes.

THE scheme of opening SHAKESPERE'S grave in order to examine his skull and compare it with the monumental bust in the church at Stratford, after rousing a storm of indignation throughout England, is discovered to be a most stupid hoax.

THE physician to the Emperor of China draws his salary only so long as his Highness is in good health. He is paid to keep his patient well instead of curing him when he gets sick. Wouldn't that sort of arrangement be a good thing to export this way?

THE stockholders of the new Metropolitan Opera House are just a little bit worked up over the notice they have just received that they will have to pay $1,200 a box for the 60 performances of Italian Opera this season. As they each contributed $15,000 at the start they very justly think that they are are being made to pay pretty high for their season of song.

THERE is great fear in Russia of a general uprising in Siberia. Nihilism has made gigantic strides there during the last year, and the agitators claim that the time for the grand blow to be struck has nearly arrived. The Russian Government would find it more difficult to deal with a revolution in Siberia than the fatal earthquake in Russia.

THE New York *Herald* in commenting upon the discussion of the possible nomination of Mr. CHARLES A. DANA to the Vice-Presidency, says that if Mr. DANA is nominated at all it should be to the first place upon the ticket and not to the second, "that even the Presidency itself is a place of less importance and power than that possessed by the head of a newspaper of large circulation and influence in these days."

THERE has been so much dispute over the position of various commands at the battle of Bull Run, that a number of ex-soldiers who participated in the fight are going to visit the battle-field and clear up all doubts. If they succeed in unraveling the tangle which, in view of the changes made in 20 years, is rather doubtful, they will be entitled to the undying thanks of a long-suffering country.

THE latest sensational report from Washington is to the effect that Pres. ARTHUR and Sec. LINCOLN have entered into a political alliance, the main part of the scheme being to have LINCOLN contest with LOGAN for the Illinois delegation and thus aid ARTHUR in his attempt to secure the nomination for President. Pres. ARTHUR regards Sen. LOGAN as his most dangerous opponent and wants him out of the way, so that if he cannot get the nomination himself he may at least name the one who will.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Republicans of New York held their Convention at Richfield Springs last Wednesday, with a large attendance and a most harmonious session. The conduct of the Convention gives Republicans everywhere the liveliest hopes as to the future of the party in New York. Sen. LAPHAM was the temporary and Sen. MILLER the permanent Chairman. Sen. MILLER, on taking the chair, made an earnest and thoughtful address on reform in the party management, which is provoking general comment. Ex-Sen. PLATT and "Boss" JOHN F. SMYTH were dropt—much against their will—from the State Committee, and all the present incumbents of State offices—except the Treasurer—were renominated. There was a Stalwart complexion given the State Committee and the nominations, but in reality it was a fair and equitable compromise, with all factions well represented and considered.

In New Jersey the Republicans are equally active and harmonious. They were in admirable shape to take advantage of the discords in the Democratic party which followed the nomination of the obnoxious trickster LEON ABBOTT, and have done so. At their State Convention they nominated JONATHAN DIXON, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, for Governor, a most excellent choice, and one which forms a strong contrast to that of the Democracy. A very lively campaign will ensue, with the chances strongly in favor of the entire Republican ticket.

IN Maryland, the Democratic division is not so serious as was anticipated from the bitterness of the fight in Baltimore. At the State Convention last week ROBERT H. MCLANE, of Baltimore, was nominated for Governor almost without opposition. The present Governor—HAMILTON,—who led the revolt against the old ringsters, received but few votes in the Convention, and but feeble compliments in the platform. Gov. HAMILTON'S faction will, it is believed, fight the regular nominee, but the Maryland Republicans are too much divided themselves to take advantage of this schism.

THE fighting in Croatia still goes on and the trouble is spreading. The very serious nature of the disturbances is proved by the difficulty the Hungarian authorities are having to suppress them. The Croats seem determined to continue rioting until some action is taken looking towards some kind of home rule. The recent riots are said to have been due to the action of the Hungarian Government in posting official notices in the Magyar tongue, which only a small part of the population of Croatia understand. It is generally expected that sooner or later the Emperor of Austria will side with his Croatian subjects. Their nationality forms the greatest part of his army, and they saved his Empire in 1848. So they are worth more to him than the Magyars.

IT is stated that Russia is making extensive preparations for war along the Austrian and German frontiers. Enormous provision depots have been established and two army corps distributed between the Vistula and Bug Rivers. Railways have been ordered to have military cars in readiness, a list has been made of the private steamers in the Black Sea, and their Captains been ordered to prepare for the transportation of ammunitions, troops and provisions. Everything at present looks like a conviction that a severe struggle is impending.

IT is stated in the last news from Madagascar that after the capture of Tamatave some French priests broke in upon the English Consul, who was dying there, tried to force him to become a Catholic, and compelled him to kiss a crucifix. It hardly seems as if this inconsistency could have been, since at home the Paris Government can hardly do enough to show its contempt and hostility, not only toward the Roman Catholic Church, but toward religion in general. All the religious houses have been closed, and the Jesuits and other orders have been persecuted with severity, and the crucifix is hardly allowed to be seen outside of a church.

As yet no arrangement has been settled upon between France and China. The latter rather increases its demands than diminishes them, nor does she want the neutral zone proposed by the former, and it will be difficult for the negotiators to overcome the difficulties with respect to its extent, situation and administration.

THE report that King ALFONSO'S visit to Germany is connected with a desire of Spain to form an alliance with that country is emphatically denied in a Spanish semi-official journal. At the same time there is no doubt but that the King leans in that direction much farther than is relished by the Spanish Liberals, so that a crisis in Spanish politics seems inevitable.

ALL the Powers have accepted the proposal of Italy to summon a conference at Rome to arrange an international sanitary code.

SEN. SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

We give up much of our space this week to the admirable speech delivered by Sen. JOHN SHERMAN, at the Opera House in Toledo Sept. 21. We are sure that all our readers will think the space well occupied, for there can be no better or no more timely matter for the middle of the campaign than this strong, well-knit, convincing presentation of the questions at issue between the Republican and Democratic parties, with their contrasted records. It is as interesting reading as one can find in the columns of a newspaper, and no one will begrudge the time spent in its perusal.

LOUISVILLE people have but little sympathy for the slayer of JESSE JAMES, as was shown Monday night when the FORD brothers appeared there in a sensational play showing how the deed was done. When BOB FORD fired the shot that killed JAMES the audience arose as one man and hooted and howled "murderers," "robbers," at the two brothers till the curtain was lowered. CHARLEY FORD was very nervous after the performance and said they had never been hissed before.

PROF. NORDENSKJOLD has discovered this Summer that his theory in regard to their being warm weather in the heart of Greenland is all wrong. He found the land higher than the coast, and snow and ice everywhere.

THEY say now that the hop crop has been ruined by the cold weather. As the crop of tan bark is all right this will not affect the beer supply.

LIQUOR AND POLITICS.

For the first time in the history of the State of Ohio the liquor interest has declared itself as the ally of one political party and has assumed the control of its policy. It was the liquor interest that dictated the nomination of Judge HOADLY, for Governor, the liquor interest has controlled the nomination of Democratic candidates for the Legislature all over the State, it dictated the nominees for the Judicial positions, and, throwing off all disguise, it has publicly announced its adhesion to that one organization. Going further in this same direction the liquor dealers have subscribed and paid the sum of $75,000 to the Democratic State Central Committee the amount having been made up by assessments on the saloons of the State in proportion to the business done by each, and on that money the Democracy are running their campaign.

There is no trouble in accounting for this action on the part of the Liquor Dealers. The Scott Law taxes them somewhere in the neighborhood of $2,000,000 per annum, and to get rid of that tax by a contribution of $75,000 is a very sound business transaction. If a saloon keeper by his vote, influence and a $10 contribution to a campaign fund, can escape the payment of $200, he is $190 better for the transaction, this year, to say nothing of the years to come. For the payment of $10 this year, with reasonable contributions succeeding years, they expect to secure immunity from any interference with their business from the State, forever.

Were any trade to combine distinctively and operate with any party, it would be a very good reason for every man not belonging to that particular occupation to inquire very closely as to what was involved in such very unusual action. But when an occupation which the whole civilized world has declared to be one over which the good of communities requires the strictest possible surveillance, an occupation which is, in and of itself, the most prolific breeder of poverty and crime, an occupation which fills the poor houses and jails and is the parent of two-thirds of the misery that afflicts a sinful world, an occupation which is a millstone about the necks of the people in the way of taxation, when such an occupation deliberately takes possession of the machinery of a party and dictates its policy, furnishes the funds wherewith to conduct its campaigns, makes its nominees, and arrogantly insists upon its right to control it, it is time for such of the members of that party, who are good citizens, to step down and out.

It is a question of too much importance to be lightly considered. The State of Ohio has taxed this business nearly $2,000,000 per annum. This is not what it costs the State by a great deal, but it is something toward it. No more righteous tax was ever levied. It is put upon a business the profits of which are enormous, and which is of damage to the public exactly in proportion to its profits. It is compelling the liquor sellers to pay a part of the expense of the pauperism and criminality they create. But instead of submitting to this just requirement, these Knights of the Spigot and Lords of the Jug assert their right to control the State, and by a bargain and sale with the Democratic party propose to take possession of it. Their action is arrogance backed up with impudence. It would be dangerous were it not absurd.

The people of the State have rebelled against this assumption, and they will put it down completely and effectually. The party that bargains with an interest so dangerous will find it will have that interest alone to depend upon. Everywhere in the State Democrats who have the public good at heart, will vote for a Governor and members of the legislature who are not mere instruments in the hands of the saloon keepers, men who recognize other interests beside that of the making and selling of intoxicants. In espousing the cause of the liquor dealers the Democracy has erected its own tomb-stone.

A CORRECTION.

In the issue of the WEEKLY BLADE for August 9 was a telegraphic dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., which stated in substance that a man named GEORGE WEST, a respectable man living near Metamoras, had confessed on his deathbed that he and two others, named WARD and KIRKBRIDE, had 17 years ago murdered an Eastern man who came out to that region to buy oil lands. We have received a letter from W. B. LOOMIS, esq., of Marietta, O., in which he says:

That article is wholly without foundation in fact. No such man was ever missing; no such suspicion ever existed; no such confession, nor any other was made; no skeleton was found and no arrest was made. The whole story was a malicious libel out of whole cloth.

Tiemen Ward and West were both respected citizens of this community, and have left worthy families who suffer by this report. Mr. Kirkbride is a no less reputable man, and, as he alone survives, he proposes to pursue this matter to the end for his own vindication as well as that of the memories of his dead neighbors.

The item in question was received by us as other press dispatches are, without knowledge or inquiry into its authorship. Other papers published the same. We regret very much that the columns of the BLADE should be made the means of traducing innocent people, and we are endeavoring to discover the rascal who committed the imposture.

TWO VICTIMS.

Horrors multiply. On Tuesday a minister of a Dutch Reformed Church in Brooklyn, cut his wife's throat, then his own and leaped from the window of his room to the ground. Both are dead. From the developments of yesterday it appears that some time ago he was afflicted with malaria, of what particular form is not stated, and since then his mind has been unbalanced. His mental disturbance was added to by losing his position, and culminated in the final fearful act which ended his life and that of his wife.

The wonder is that such horrors are not more frequent even than they are. Nervous diseases are upon the increase, according to statistics, and mental derangement more common. "A little out of his head" is a frequent remark, and yet the victim, because seemingly quiet, is permitted to go unwatched wherever he pleases. It is possible that this may be all that there is of it, for years or a lifetime. The chances are that at some untoward moment something may arouse the unsettled brain into a frenzy that will lead to the commission of such a deed as that of Tuesday. Without putting the sufferers under a restraint that might prove harmful, it would still be possible to keep them under close surveillance, and this is what should be insisted upon under all such circumstances.

SUPPRESSING SCANDAL-MONGING BY PHONOGRAPHY.

SOLOMON wrote of a great public nuisance of his time:

The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly.

With all his wisdom the sapient son of DAVID could not even hint at a remedy for this pest of society, and no ruler since has done any better. We have heard of potentates slitting the tongue of scandal-mongers, cutting off their ears, and occasionally resorting to such extreme measures as boiling them in oil, or feeding them to the sharks. Our Puritan forefathers used to try ducking the circulators of malignant reports concerning the characters of others. But all these devices have fallen into disuse from their very inefficacy. Scandal-mongers flourished, even as burdock and jimsun weed and Canada thistles flourish, in spite of repressive legislation.

An American—an Ohio man at that—has hit upon a new method of dealing with this scourge of society in all ages. He has doubtless noticed how readily the wildest political ranter can be tamed down, by following him up with a shorthand reporter. Men given to "shooting off their mouths" on the stump with the utter recklessness of a small boy handling a garden hose become so tame and fearful as to dread the sound of their own voices, after they have been reported *verbatim* a few times, and had an opportunity of seeing the stupidity of their utterances set forth in merciless black and white.

So Gen. HICKENLOOPER, of Cincinnati, finding his name mixed up with a highly-flavored scandal of that scandal-loving City, promptly started out on the trail of his aspersers an expert criminal lawyer, accompanied by a stenographer. These go from one circulator of the story to another, putting each one through a catechism that starts the sweat from every pore. All that is said—all the amplifications and enlargements—all the "I told-her-I-did-not believe-the-story-for-a-minute-but-she-insisted-that-the-half-had'nt-been-told-," is remorselessly extracted, and set down in frightful looking pot-hooks by the nimble-fingered stenographer.

It is impossible to describe the terror that reigns over the City. Scores of men and women are leaving Town under all sorts of pretexts, to get away from the dreaded interviewers, and those who remain scan the Court reports every day with sickening apprehension that their names will appear there as defendants in a slander suit.

THE NEW STAMP.

It is announced that the new two cent postage stamps are printed and ready for issue, but will be withheld until the 1st of October which is the time appointed for their introduction into use. They are said to be a great improvement in appearance over the present stamp, the face of the Father of our Country appearing in a much more agreeable guise. The color is red, the head resting on an oval medallion on a shield. At the top are the words sharply defined "United States Postage," while below is "Two (2) Cents." The double rate is a green stamp with the head of ANDREW JACKSON thereon. The improvement in this is not so great as in the other.

The first postage stamps used in this country was in 1847, the system having been adopted in England about seven years before that time. The perforating machines for the purpose of facilitating their separation from each other was also invented there, but speedily adopted wherever stamps were employed.

The United States has issued more different kinds of stamps than any other country, and a larger variety has been in use at one time, but that with which the present public is the most familiar is the three cent one soon to be displaced.

It is comparatively a few years since a charge of 25 cents was made for the transportation of every letter. People were chary of correspondence then, and made few communications in writing, unless the matter was one of great importance. One letter was written then where thousands are now.

The telegraph came in and took the place of many business letters, but the postal freight did not diminish in bulk. Now the telephone will operate still more extensively in that direction, but a sort of mania for writing seems to prevail in the Nation, so that even with this other means of communication, and with the postage cut down to two cents the postal revenue must still be enormous.

APPRENTICESHIP SYSTEM.

In Philadelphia, the other day, at a mass meeting of the journeyman tailors, it was decided that the apprenticeship system should be retained among them, in order that the workmen in the trade should be thoro and skilful.

This was a wise thing to do. The curse of the country is superficiality. Our people are, too many of them, Jacks-at-all-Trades and thoro at none. The workmen in most things which require long practice and careful manipulation come from Europe. Boys are impatient to earn money, and will not subject themselves to the long course of training which will make them perfect in their work. They must be their "own masters" as early in life as possible, and the consequence too often is that they are not masters of very much worth boasting of.

Another thing which has helped to do away largely with the system of apprenticeship is the action of the Trades Unions, and it is pleasant to find a body of workmen in any one trade take the stand in its favor that the Philadelphia journeymen tailors have now done. It would be well if other trades would do the same thing, so that the best places in our workshops and factories need not always be filled by foreign-born and foreign-trained workmen. Let the boy learn every part of the work even if in after years he takes up a specialty. It can do no harm, and an intelligent comprehension of the whole details will, in fact, enable him to do better work in his particular department.

THE Massachusetts Commissioners of Emigration report that the worst class of paupers which they are called upon to provide for come to the United States from Canada.

AN American claimant to $2,000,000 resting in English vaults, has recently died. The next heir is an Englishman. The question is, "will he be more successful in getting it than his American relative?"

CHEAP matches will now be in order, as the great monopoly that has run the business for years has made a reduction of 50 per cent in prices. Foreign competition did it.

REASONS WHY.

Travelers in Great Britain from the United States are often intensely surprised at the ignorance of the average Englishman in regard to things in this country. He seizes upon certain details in papers or books which may be of importance in the particular locality described, but presents no type by which to judge of the whole nation, and imagines that he has there a key by which to unlock its future. In his judgment we are fast rushing on to destruction. Elements of disintegration are working rapidly in our social and political life which must inevitably bring the end soon, and no amount of explanation or argument will move him from this conviction, altho in nine cases out of 10, he has never set foot upon these shores.

In the current number of the *North American Review* the Rev. E. E. HALE gives a reason for this judgment, and shows why these things, of such vital moment from the Englishman's point of view, are of no special general importance. In the first place, London governs the British Empire, and he imagines that New York in the same way governs the United States. Consequently, when he hears of TWEEDS, KELLYS, Tammany, etc., he imagines that the whole country is controlled by the same influences as control municipal affairs in New York. It is impossible to make him understand that outside of the metropolis the Tweed ring expressed nothing of the political or social state at large, and consequently was no index of the conditions prevailing elsewhere. There is here no such "center of opinion, of fashion, of education, of politics, as in London."

Again, Congress has so small a part of the responsibilities which rest upon Parliament, that its place of meeting is not regarded in a social and political light with the same interest as London. MR. HALE speaks of a novel which was published three or four years ago that purported to be a picture of Washington life. It was exceedingly bright and amusing, though satirical, was read here and regarded simply in that light. In Great Britain, upon the contrary, it was found for sale everywhere, was read and discussed by all classes seriously as revealing important secrets of our Nation's political and social conditions. In a London leading paper four or six pages are devoted to a day's proceedings in Parliament, while here it is considered that one page given to one day's session of Congress is a large amount. It is merely that this people are self governed, so that what goes on at the Capital is of far less importance than Parliamentary work to the provinces.

Mr. HALE also draws attention to the fact that in the United States literary and art tastes are cultivated everywhere, that there are as many people proportionate to the population west of the Mississippi who buy and read good magazines, books, etc., as East, that public libraries are as popular, and that in the large cities as much money is spent to gratify artistic tastes upon the Pacific shore as upon the Atlantic slopes, a state of things that cannot be understood in Great Britain where London is the great art center and sets the fashion for the whole nation.

WHAT IT MAY MEAN.

The riot in Canton in which the Chinese showed such a blind rage towards all foreigners making no distinction one from another, brings up a thought in regard to a possible war between that country and France and its effects, that goes far beyond the mere question of the settlement of the present difficulty between these two Nations. Great changes have taken place in China within the past few years. Many of the barriers that separated her people from the rest of the world have been broken down, and the face of the foreigner is now no new sight in their land. There yet, however, lingers a prejudice against those who go down to them by sea, or approach them from afar by land, a prejudice which is always ready on the slightest provocation to expand into a blind rage that finds vent in just such outrages as those described at Canton.

Should their passions become inflamed by war with a foreign power like France, Englishmen, Americans and Frenchmen would be likely to be served alike, with the possible, and indeed the probable, result of thus causing a combination of Western Powers against China. In that case the sequence is not a matter of doubt, for though she may successfully fight a single nation, she could hardly resist a combination of their forces.

The consequence of such a conflict and its inevitable ending can hardly be calculated. The remaining barriers that separate China from the rest of the world would be swept away, and with them the ancient civilization which the ages have crystalized. Whether as a conquered people the Chinese would accept the new condition of things and take kindly to the factors of modern civilization is a question.

Upon which side the victory will be, if she wars singly with France, is not so certain. China has wealth and a vast number of men. She would be fighting at home, which would go a long way towards giving her a telling advantage. If her Government can so control the people as to prevent the outrages that would invite other nations into a conflict, she may vanquish the French and retain her sovereignty over the disputed territory, while still preserving much of the rigid seclusion which the laws and customs of thousands of years have made a part of her very existence.

TO SECURE SAFETY.

The investigation into the "Riverdale" disaster has not resulted pleasantly for those who have placed their confidence in Government inspection. It will be remembered that the steamer blew up shortly after leaving the wharf in East River, seemingly without adequate cause. Testimony has been given, however, that proves the boilers to have been in a most dangerous condition at the time they were examined and pronounced safe by the inspector, that that officer failed to do his duty properly, and that the whole system of inspection is insufficient and inadequate. There is no question but the disaster might have been prevented.

Greater care is necessary elsewhere than in New York. Steamers are used long after they have ceased to be trustworthy, often for pleasure excursions, when they are loaded down with men, women and children. When there is the least suspicion that a boat is not safe the law should at once provide for its being taken off from such service where so much human life is endangered. That it does not shows the need for a complete change in the system of inspection everywhere, in order to protect the people from the consequences of such hideous carelessness as was shown in the Riverdale accident.

THE Democratic party has been, unfortunately for itself, the champion of everything that is mean and detestable in Government. It has invariably gravitated toward principles opposed to humanity, destructive to law and order, and opposed to progress, and it seems to be so wedded to the bad, that it is only necessary for a wrong to appear for it to take it to its bosom. After the whole civilized world had condemned the barbarism of slavery the Democratic party became its champion, and waged the most costly and bloody war of modern times to perpetuate it in this republic. It has always been the upholder of the rich and arrogant English manufacturers against American mechanics, farmers and laboring men, and now it has become the champion of the liquor curse. It is now controlled solely by the liquor interest, and is helping it to capture the great State of Ohio. It has turned over its organization, its party machinery, and such votes as it can control, to the gin mills and beer-saloons, and goes into the contest under the banner of free rum.

The party has been always been and is anti-humanitarian and anti-progressive. Its conservatism is the persistent holding on to old and worn-out heresies and iniquities. Its only progress is in the direction of new apologies for old wrongs. No man can be a good citizen and adhere to so dangerous an organization.

A NEW YORK landlord has finally solved the mother-in-law question. When he makes a lease he inserts a clause that the premises are to be occupied only by the lessee, his wife, children and servants, which freezes out the mother-in-law. A prominent landlord says:

When the time comes round for the mother-in law's appearance, the lessee can whisk out his lease and appear to be quite indignant over it. Of course, when he ostensible refers to us, we refer him to his lease, and inform him that we cannot consent to any additional people going in the flat. It is what we agents call the 'mother-in-law clause,' and it saves a great deal of trouble. Very often it is the wife who wants the clause inserted. We have found it works exceedingly well, on the whole."

CONNECTICUT detectives abound in theories. Now they have another in regard to the ROSE AMBLER murder, which is, that it was done by another lover than WM. LEWIS, a married man, who went to Stratford in a sloop, landed that Sunday night, met her on her return from LEWIS'S, that they quarreled, and he slapped her, when she attempted to scream, that frightened at possible consequences he choked her to insensibility without intending to kill her, and then fled. They are working on the clew now. Next.

IT is the general remark all over the country that every indication points to a large and healthy Fall trade, not speculative but on a sound, business-like basis. There were some apprehensions a few weeks ago of some sort of a financial crash, but they have died out entirely and the whole business community knowing that the country is in a perfectly sound condition, looks forward to a Fall season of great results. The consumers of the country, as a class were never more free from debt nor more able to pay for what they need.

Taking $1,000 as the average, and it is a low one, of the amount of money spent by each American tourist during his stay abroad, over $31,000,000 have been taken out of this country in this manner since the first of May last. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that immigration is keeping up steadily, and while the immigrants do not spend so much money here in a short time, they have come to stay and will contribute all the rest of their lives to our wealth and power.

BISMARCK is determined to continue the war against American products and particularly against pork. It is said that he has 17,000 German microscopists to back him up and with such an army it is not likely that any trichinæ can escape him. A French microscopist declares that the German hogs are as badly afflicted with this disease as the American. What is BISMARCK going to do about that?

THE old rumor that Mr. GLADSTONE was soon to be made a Duke and have a seat in the House of Lords has been renewed lately, but there is no truth in it, and it is almost past the bounds of possibility that there ever will be. Mr. GLADSTONE is not likely to give up the glorious position which he fills in the House of Commons to become a member of a body which is rapidly becoming odious to the nation.

DOWN in Georgia they have a way of doing things that ought to be followed to good advantage here. A man who attempted to circulate the *Police Gazette*, was promptly jailed and on conviction was fined $1,000 or 12 months on the chain gang. It is a penal offense to circulate such papers in Georgia. Other States ought to be provided with similar laws.

THE old saying of office holders that few die and none resign has been refuted very strongly during the past year; for since the adjournment of Congress the President has appointed over 200 Postmasters to fill vacancies caused by death or resignations.

THE total number of the employes of KRUPP, the great steel manufacturer, is 19,000, an army of itself. His industrial organization is said to be the most complete in the world, and it is for this reason that in all competition by other manufacturers he comes out ahead.

THE correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that the French people almost without an exception heartily detest the idea of a war with China. The trouble in arriving at a settlement is therefore entirely due to some fault in diplomatic engineering.

AFTER his return to England HENRY IRVING is going to give his countrymen his "Impressions of America." If he carries back as many dollars as most foreign players do his impressions ought to be very favorable.

THE lot of an informer is not a happy one, as the Phœnix Park murderers are finding out. The English Government shipped them to Australia, but they were not allowed to land and are now on their way back to England.

NEW YORKERS will be well provided with entertainments this season, for by the 1st of October there will be open 34 places of amusement, including three new theaters and TALMAGE'S Tabernacle.

FREDDIE couldn't stay away. Mrs. LANGTRY is in Paris, buying new dresses, and the owner of "Eole" has flown to her side. He ought to have a guardian appointed.

NASBY.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Gen. Grant's Wisdom—What Political Blunders Will Do—Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Massachusetts—The Tide Setting in Favor of the Republicans.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24, 1883.

The unanimous nomination of Joseph Dixon for Governor, by the Republicans of New Jersey, is understood by the Republicans to mean the defeat of the Democratic party at the approaching election. It calls to mind a saying of Gen. Grant. In the dark days of the party, at one time during his administration, when some of the leaders were despondent, he said he had no doubt that the outcome would be all right, because the Democrats could be trusted to defeat themselves, if the Republicans were not strong enough to do it. Their capacity for blundering would certainly open the way for their defeat. In that case the General proved to be right, and, since then, their capacity does not seem to have diminished. A year ago the Republicans were beaten "horse, foot and dragoons." The "tidal wave" that swept over the country seemed to leave nothing for the Democrats to do but to bide their time and march into the places of power. On every hand their organs were exultant and they began in anticipation to parcel out the rewards to their hungry followers. But since then they seem to be everywhere bent on defeating themselves. If victory comes to them by accident and they are thrust into position by a surprise, there is some chance that their leaders may be men of integrity and worth. But when they undertake to organize victory the tricksters and sports men are sure to be in the lead. In Ohio the nomination of Hoadly was the triumph of the ringsters and corruptionists, and it was consequently the signal for revolt. All the news from your State indicate that, ever the large barrel of the Democratic candidates can save them.

In New York the Democratic State Convention of last year referred the delicate matter of dealing with Tammany to the State Committee, under the idea that it would organize the City primary election so as to satisfy the Tammany Boss and bring the different factions together. But instead of this, it put the power into the hands of the faction that was organized to break down Tammany, and the result is a renewal of the old war, with a good fighting chance for the Republicans, which they appear to be improving into assurances of victory.

In Pennsylvania, when the "tidal wave" was a flood, and the Democrats went into power with a rush, the new bosses have run the machine with so much vigor as to revolt many of their followers, and there is a break between the Administration Democrats and the anti-Administration Democrats, which will give the Republicans an opportunity that they will not be backward in using for the recovery of their lost power.

In New Jersey the case was the same. The spoilsmen were so eager for their prey that they forced forward their candidate against a bitter opposition, and the revolt could not be restrained. It broke out in the Convention before the nomination was confirmed, and every attempt to get a vote on the proposition to make it unanimous failed—was, in fact, hooted down; and the Convention adjourned without the usual vote. The nomination of Judge Dixon is the direct sequence of this revolt. He was brought forward by such men as Garland and Parker, and represents the best elements of the Republican party. He will, it is understood, be supported by the dissatisfied wing of the Democrats.

About the same thing has taken place in Maryland, where the Democrats held their Convention on Wednesday. The boss in that State is Sen. Gorman, who rules it with a rod of iron. He and his friends were fully aware of the element of discontent indicated by the letters of Gov. Hamilton and the proceedings of the young Democrats in Baltimore, but they determined not to regard it, and undertook to crush it out with a strong hand. In the Convention the majority report on resolutions contained congratulations for the harmony that prevailed in the party; the usual platitudes on the subject of the Tariff; the frauds which they allege made Gen. Hayes President; the corruptions and placemen of the Republican party, etc., and then went on to eulogize the Democratic party of Maryland for the glory things which had brought out the complaints of the minority. The effect was to provoke a minority report and a stinging speech from Mr. Keedy, of Washington County, a man of courage and a good speaker, who took direct issue with the report and went on to point out the shortcomings of his party and to demand certain reforms in the collection of the taxes, the registration of voters and other things calculated to prevent the frauds and manipulations by which the party had so long held on to the reins. When he said that the City of Baltimore since the times of the Know Nothings had been controlled by stuffed ballot boxes," there was a tremendous hiss through the Convention; but he declared that hissing could not prevent him from speaking the truth. "Let them hiss," said he. "I have the courage to stand by my convictions. Perish place! Perish office! But let the truth appear." He went on and finished his criticism, when a vote was taken and the majority resolutions were carried in the proportion of about 15 to 1, the majority making strong declarations of their ability to carry the State. The Republicans, on the other hand, looked on the proceedings with uncommon satisfaction, and declare that, if they can make purely good nominations they can sweep everything before them. We shall soon see.

Events are marching on. It is announced in our papers that C. F. Martin, who was before the war a slave of the late Gen. John B. Gordon, is at the head of the company which is building a railroad from Washington to Wrightsville, then on to Jacksonville. The stockholders are all colored men, and the management entirely in the hands of the freedmen. Six miles of the road have been completed.

George D. Robinson, who has been nominated by the Republicans of Massachusetts for Governor, with a special reference to snuffing out Butlerism, has had a distinguished career as member of Congress; and if the Republicans had maintained their majority in that body, would probably have had the next Speaker. He is not only distinguished for his ability, but for purity of his public life and his freedom from rank partisanship. The New York *Sun* well says that his nomination "may be accepted as the deliberate judgment of the best and ablest men among the Massachusetts Republicans," and its correspondent, in speaking of the Convention, says it "it may fairly be regarded as the most remarkable Convention held in the State since the Republican party came into power." It is not certain that Butler will be a candidate, but if he is not it will be an open confession of his fear of defeat.

Washington affairs are without special interest. The President made only a short stay, and has gone to New York and Newport, with the purpose of remaining some time. His Cabinet are also largely absent, and dullness is the general characteristic of public affairs. Our newspapers have something to say about the candidates which will be in the race for the offices of the House, but as yet the battle is not set. Mr. Randall was in Town yesterday and talked very confidently of his prospects, but Mr. Carlisle is equally confident, and the only thing that is settled is that they will be the leading candidates.

BUCKEYE.

Van Zandt County, Tex.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

This County is situated between the 32d and 33d degrees of north latitude and between the 18th and 19th degrees of longitude west from Washington. It is bounded on the north by Rains and east by Smith, west by Kaufman and south by Henderson counties. The altitude is 1,100 feet above the level of the sea. The Texas & Pacific railway runs nearly due east and west through the northern part of the County, affording excellent shipping facilities.

The climate is generally pleasant the finest weather in Winter or "the rainy season," rarely interfering with ordinary out-door farm work. There are, as a rule, but a few cold spells during the Winter, when the thermometer seldom falls below zero. In some Winters ice is scarcely formed even in exposed places. The "northers" wet and dry, that prevail here during this season, do not usually last more than three days at at a time. The "dry northers" are characterized by a strong wind setting in from the northeast and north, when the air assumes a murky and even blueish appearance and appears highly electrified. Their influence, it

EVERY scripture reading family should have the "Illustrated Bible Biography." This beautiful and useful illustrated book was always sold at $3, but the Blade Co., have a limited number which they will mail to any address, on receipt of $1.25. Only a few copies remain, and at this price they will soon be exhausted.

BOSTON art critics are no respecters of royalty. They speak of the Princess LOUISE'S painting, now on exhibition in Boston, as "a picture five feet long."

RECENT EVENTS.

Republican prospects in Iowa are bright. Men who have canvassed the State believe the result will be 40,000 majority.——According to the report of Gov. Sheldon, of New Mexico, that Territory contains a population of 150,000. The population in 1880 was 118,430. Of this population of 150,000, 112,000 speak the Spanish language.——Six hundred ostrich eggs have so far been laid at the ostrich farm near Anaheim, Cal.——The first of the many tokens received by Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson and her daughter during their stay in Boston was a superb basket of roses "with the compliments of a few members of the Grand Army of the Republic.——Four Congressmen-elect have already died since their election. They are: Updegraff, of Ohio, Republican; Herndon, of Alabama, Democrat; Poole, of North Carolina, and Cutts, of Iowa, Republicans.——Gen. Irvin McDowell was thrown from his buggy in San Francisco, Tuesday, and seriously injured.——Because the New Orleans National Bank acted as agent for a lottery company in receiving registered letters and money orders, the Postmaster General orders that no registered letters or money orders be delivered to the bank.——At last accounts Stanley was well, and his prospects of success on the Congo were bright. DeBrazza, the American explorer's would-be rival, was, on the contrary, pretty sure to fail in his efforts to establish French supremacy in that region.——Hon. William Faxon, who was Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the war, died suddenly of heart disease Wednesday at Hartford, Conn. He was 62 years of age.——"Jay-Eye-See" trotted a mile in Boston in 2:10¾, and showed no sign of exhaustion.——About 600 bicyclists paraded the streets of Springfield, Mass., their evolutions being witnessed by 50,000 persons.——A jewelry house in Maiden Lane, New York, has just received the largest rough diamond ever imported into the United States. It is from South Africa, and weighs 125 carats, but what its value will be when cut is not definitely stated.——Mrs. A. B. Churchill, of Montgomery, Ala., has the original copy of the Constitution of the Confederate States, the first communication ever addressed to the Congress by Pres. Davis, and the first bond for $50 by the Confederacy.——Divorce in Switzer

REPUBLICAN STATESMANSHIP.

Democratic Craft, and Demagogguery.

Sen. John Sherman's Great Speech at Toledo.

On the evening of September 20 Sen. John Sherman made a powerful argument on the questions at issue before the people of Ohio in a great audience, assembled in the Opera House, at Toledo. The following are some of the more salient points of his argument:

FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am much indebted to my old friend Mr. Mott, for his kindly introduction. It recalls to my mind that he and I served together in the House of Representatives many years ago, before the war, or, as our Southern brethren pronounce it a little differently, "afore the wah," at the time the Republican party was coming into existence for its present honorable achievements. But I do not intend, even by his kindly introduction, to go back so far as that, at this moment, but to commence with the actual condition of things as I find them in the present canvass. Though I cannot forget for a moment that five years ago I appeared in this hall in the campaign of 1878, when the Republican party, as well as the people of the United States, were greatly divided upon the question of

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS;

when even in Toledo there was some opposition to resumption, lest it might add to the then existing difficulties in our finances, and bring disaster upon business men. But fortunately, my fellow citizens, all that difference has passed away. The actual experience of resumption, which occurred only a few months after my visit here, showed that all the fears of the time were groundless, and that the faith that had been observed by the people in restoring their money up to the standard of gold and silver coin was fruitful with hope; for, from the moment of resumption of specie payments, prosperity commenced, and from that time, fixed by the people of the United States, when they chose that they would make their notes as good as their promise, equal to the best good coin ever issued. From that time commenced the birth of prosperity, which, for five years, has crowned us with great blessings.

But, my fellow citizens, it is not even of the issues of five years ago that I wish now to speak to you. When the two parties met at their Conventions early in the Summer, and announced in their resolutions their candidates, I supposed that we were going to have a

FRANK AND MANLY CONTEST

and debate between the two great political parties of this country, involving the two great ancient issues that had been made by the people of Ohio, to be submitted to them. These questions were vitally important. I supposed, then, that upon these questions, these two rival parties had taken their respective grounds; that the Republican party was in favor of what is called the "Scott Law," and the other measures in respect to Temperance which had been passed by the General Assembly at its last session; and also, as we were about to elect a Senator of the United States, that we were in favor of the protection of American labor. We also believed that on these questions the Democratic party would have the courage to stand up and oppose us, and take ground against the measures proposed by the General Assembly at its last session, and in accordance with the old-time custom of the Democratic party would take ground boldly and fearlessly in favor of a Tariff for revenue only, as contradistinguished from a Tariff for Protection. And these issues, I supposed, would be brought before audiences like this, and fairly discussed, so that you might by your votes for or against the candidates of the several parties pass

YOUR FINAL JUDGMENT

upon these questions. For, my fellow countrymen, there is no question so difficult, no one so intricate, but what it must in the end be decided by the popular will. In this country there is no law higher than the law which is expressed by you at the ballot-box. For, although the constitutions do restrain to some extent the limits of the powers of the State and General Governments, after all there is no question that is not determined in politics and morals in our Government, except what is determined by the voice and vote of the people of the State of Ohio and of the United States.

Now, my fellow citizens, these were the questions that I supposed were to be discussed before us; but strange to say, though the Democratic party appeared at their Convention confident of victory; though having won by chance last Fall a victory over the Republican party, because 70,000 Republicans staid at home on account of their discontent with the action of the General Assembly of Ohio, and of Congress neglected and refusing to reduce taxation, they expected to carry this contest by 30,000 majority upon the issues that the Republican party had made; strange to say—and it is a curious thing in a political convention, that I never saw in my long political experience—strange to say, the Democratic party

DARE NOT TO-NIGHT,

although only 90 days have run around since those conventions met, the Democratic party dare not stand in any County in this State, in any City in this State, upon the position taken by it three months ago. [Applause.] I repeat, my countrymen, that the Democratic party dare not now stand in opposition to the Scott law. And there is not a Democratic nominee for Representative or Senator in the State Legislature who will in any community in the State of Ohio get up and say that he is in favor of the repeal of the Scott law. I have tried them. I went to Cincinnati to see if I couldn't find some member of the Democratic party there who was willing to stand on the Temperance question where he was three months ago. I couldn't find him there. I went to Brown County, one of the strongest Democratic Counties on the Ohio River. I thought surely I would find in Brown County a Democrat who would stand where he did three months ago; but he was not "thar." [Laughter and applause.] He avoided the question. He would not answer, but commenced talking about something else, that had nothing to do with the question.

And so, my countrymen, upon

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

Instead of meeting us upon the broad principle that divides the two great parties in this country, and has divided them for 30 or 40 years, and will divide them in the future—that is, upon the Tariff question—instead of meeting us upon that broad issue as pointed out by the history of the two great parties, they have contrived a kind of resolution that wobbles forward and aft, pulling forward and pulling backward, and that no honest man can read.

Why, my fellow citizens, I thought the Democratic party would stand by the resolutions of their National Convention. Instead of standing by their resolutions, they claim the platform to be for Protection for Revenue—a Tariff for this and a Tariff for that. No honest, plain man can understand words that way. We must know from their history, we know from their recorded acts and history and principles, that whenever they come in power they will pass a tariff bill for Tariff for Revenue only, without regard to the great laboring interests of our country. While the Republican party continues to frame the Tariff laws in this country they will pass a Tariff bill which will yield ample revenue to carry on all the operations of our Government; and, at the same time by diversifying our industries,

ADVANCE THE WAGES OF LABOR,

build up diversified interests, furnish a home market, and add to the enormous manufacturing strength and wealth of our great country. [Great applause.]

Now, my fellow citizens, when the Democrats nominated Judge Hoadly, I supposed, as he had a reputation, and I have no doubt a reputation justly earned—of being an able and distinguished lawyer, full of all the tricks and quirks the legal profession, and as he has shown his ability to talk well on either side of any question in his professional life, therefore has been an able and successful lawyer, a man of honorable character in Cincinnati, who had been a Judge—I supposed he would at least take that stand which would enable us to enter into a manly contest and to take a stand by which we would know where the two parties stood on these two great living questions presented in their platforms. How did it happen? Why, my countrymen, he has acted like the rest of the Democratic party; he shrinks from the issues that were made by the two Conventions; and his speech—you have before he had the chance to make a speech after his nomination, he commenced telegraphing to his friends all over the country that now he was at the head of a

NEW AND LIVING DEMOCRACY,

or was about to form a new, living Democracy, which was to effect an evangelization of this country of ours. He talked about a new, living Democracy and said the old Democracy was dead and gone forever. Well, now, they didn't like this kind of talk. They said, "What is this new convert, this man who has been a black Republican during all the time of and since the war, who is about to come out and tell us about the new and living Democracy, as though the old Democracy was not good enough for him?" And so they found fault with him. When he found he had made a mistake about this, in that particular, then he talked about the Democracy of Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, a Democracy extinct except so far as it is represented by the Republican party. My countrymen, all the vital principles of the old Democracy of Andrew Jackson have been carried out by the Republican party of the United States. (Applause.) Upon this question of the Tariff, I could show you the proclamations and messages of Gen. Jackson—and endorse every one of them—and show you that for 30 years of Congressional life I have acted by the principles proclaimed by Jackson and abandoned by the modern Democracy, which was carried off by the Rebellion and by the war. [Renewed applause.] When my friend found himself in that position, he had to try some other tack. He had been employed as

THE HIRED ATTORNEY

for the distillers and liquor dealers to try the case made by them in the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, as to the constitutionality of the Scott law. He was their agent, employed as such. There was no objection to that; that was perfectly proper. It was perfectly proper for him to defend the interests for his clients, but no sooner had he commenced to talk in the County of Butler, next to that where he lives, than he commenced to talk about the drunkard-makers, and said the Scott law would make drunkards, and all that sort of thing. My countrymen, our saloon friends thought that that was a queer kind of a candidate they had appointed, who, in the very first speech he made commenced denouncing them as "drunkard-makers." He found that would not do. So he went off into the northeastern part of Ohio—in a very respectable and honored community, where the people hold their property in common, and work together in common, went to the Town of Zoar. There he knew the people had raised their grapes, had pressed out the juice, had used as much as they wanted and sold the rest. They were very much opposed to the Scott law, fearing it might interfere with their business. So Judge Hoadly, when he got there, came out very much against the Scott law. He gave reasons why it should not pass, which I will examine hereafter. Then he said he didn't want any Prohibitionist to vote for him. There again he put his foot in it. I tell you, my countrymen, that in every County in the State of Ohio there are plain, law-abiding, liberty-loving kind of people—Democrats—that will

VOTE THE PROHIBITION TICKET

at this very election. [Applause.] And these people took him at his word. Judge Hoadly wouldn't be anywhere in Brown County, where I told you I went in search of a good candidate for the Legislature who would stand in favor of the Scott law. I found the whole Democracy there were going to vote for the Scott law. In the County in which I live—Richland—where we have some old-fashioned Democrats, by inheritance, because their fathers were Democrats that had voted for Jackson—they are nice, good people, and I have nothing to say against them—I know there are hundreds of them who will vote the Prohibition ticket. And Judge Hoadly was at once warned, for these people took him at his word. He might as well give up the case first as last. And so mistake after mistake he made, and then after all he commenced, when he found he had lost his foothold on this question of the Tariff and on this question of the Democracy, he commenced to talk about

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

all over the State. [Laughter]. Well, now, what was that? He said that the Republican party had, during the last session of Congress, by the passage of the Tariff bill reduced the duty on wool two or three cents a pound, and the Democratic party had opposed it. So he has he let that influence to be drawn. Well, my countrymen, he hadn't been there. He hadn't read the Congressional Record. I don't know what party was responsible. But I was there as active participant in the controversy on wool. It was not intended by the Democratic party to create discontent among the wool growers. What was the real fact? There had been a Democratic Tariff up to 1861. In all the Democratic Tariffs that had been proposed in Congress, no duty on wool was ever fixed by the Democratic party at higher than five cents per pound. Twenty or 25 per-centum *ad valorem* was the duty when the Republican party came into power in 1861. When we came to frame the Morrill Tariff Bill we provided a Tariff of nine cents per pound on the class of wool that entered into competition with our own domestic wool, but that was not satisfactory. Finally, in 1867, the wool growers and wool manufacturers met together. The wool industry was somewhat depressed. And then the Republican party took up the question of the proper protection of wool and woolens, and in 1867 passed a law which gave us a duty on certain grades, worth 33 cents or less, of 10 cents a pound and 10 percentum *ad valorem*, and on wool which was worth more it was about 12 cents per pound and 11 percentum *ad valorem*. This Tariff, which gave satisfactory protection due to growers of wool, was

VOTED FOR BY EVERY REPUBLICAN

in Congress. It was a Republican measure, and it was voted against by every Democrat in Congress. Then the lines were fairly drawn. The Democrats were opposed to the principle of protection; who were in favor of it. We passed the law of '67. And so it went on in a satisfactory way. Under the operation of that Tariff, wool-growing in the State of Ohio and wool manufacturing all over the country were largely prosperous and enormously increased. In 1881, on account of the vastly overflowing revenues of the Government, it became necessary to reduce the taxes in some respects. It was proposed by Mr. Bayard, an old member of the Democratic party of the United States, to put the duty down to 25 percentum ad valorem. As the average value of wool, or the foreign valuation, is about 16 or 17 cents a pound, it made the duty something like four or five cents a pound. That was the duty that this Democratic leader proposed to give the wool grower. The countryman, all the Democrats—one year ago every Democratic Senator voted for that proposition of Mr. Bayard's, including Mr. Pendleton himself. That was their idea of

THE DUTY ON WOOL!

But subsequent to that the Tariff Commission reported a bill which proposed to repeal the ad valorem tax and leave a specific duty of 10 or 12 cents a pound. I did not believe it was necessary or wise to make this reduction. I believed that domestic competition would itself bring down the prices of woolens and the value of woolens, as it had done in all other countries. At the request of the wool growers of Ohio, and at the request of the General Assembly, I offered an amendment in the Senate to restore the duty on wool to 12 and 14 cents on different grades. That proposition was supported by me and by other Republicans in debate. When the vote came upon it, every Democrat but three voted against it. Of these three, one was Voorhees, one was Mr. Pendleton and one a Senator from West Virginia. They voted with the majority of the Republicans for the proposition and the reduction on wool was defeated by the combined vote of the Democratic Senators with the New England Senators, who were naturally in favor of cheap wool.

So this is the cry of "wool! wool! wool!" which Mr. Hoadly started just before he got sick and went to Philadelphia—got the malaria, or something of that kind—[Laughter.] I never got it, and I think I will not, and I hope I won't. He went off before that cry was started here.

It is now clearly demonstrated that it was the Democratic party

THAT LOWERED THE TARIFF ON WOOL.

But even if it stands, my countrymen, the present duty on wool is twice as high as there was ever proposed by the Democratic party. But they say we Republicans are responsible, because although the Democrats had prevented the restoration of the duty on wool, we voted for the Tariff bill. So we did. If I had not voted for that bill, the Democrats would have defeated it. It was a bill that embraced more than a thousand different articles. It lifted off the shoulders of the people of the United States $77,000,000 of taxes. If I hadn't voted for the passage of that bill, you never would have heard the last of it, and I never would have heard the last of it, and I ought to have been consigned to a political death, forever and forever. We had the courage to pass that bill. It took off all internal taxes, except upon whisky, tobacco and beer, and it left ample protective duties on all the industries of life, except, only that as we have the duty on wool; and that was defeated by the combined votes of the Democratic Senators and of the New England Senators. So much for that.

But Mr. Hoadly didn't wait for this explanation. He went off, but I hope will be back. I wish him well. One Cincinnati paper says I have abused him. I never have said an unkind word of him. I have a very high respect for him. I think I never knew a man in political life that could make so many mistakes in so short a time; and he never put his foot down but what he put his foot in it. When he made a speech, he never opened his mouth but what he got his foot in it. [Laughter and applause.]

Now, my fellow citizens, let us dismiss these dry questions. When the Democrats found they couldn't stand upon the issues they had made, they commenced the cry of "FRAUD! FRAUD! FRAUD!" "CREDIT MOBILIER!"

"Star Route thieves!" and all that sort of thing. Why, my friends, the Republican party is not to be frightened by the cry of a retreating adversary. [Applause.] The Republican party has heard these kind of cries long ago. In the former times it was "black Republicans," "nigger thieves," "Lincoln hirelings," and so on; "hank-bought aristocrats," "goldites," and all the names which could be given by our Democratic friends, who are fruitful of such names. We don't frighten at those names at all. Many a young soldier who entered into our civil war was frightened by the Rebel yell; many a pioneer was frightened at the Indians; even the Romans were frightened by the cries of the elephants in the ranks of the Carthagenians; but the Republicans don't frighten at such cries. No, my countrymen, when they talk about "turning the rascals out," we say they are out now, and we intend to keep them out. [Laughter and applause]. When we talk of comparing the course of administration by the Republicans and the course of administration by the Democrats, there is a remarkable and astonishing contrast. Under the administration of Gen. Jackson, at a time when the revenues were comparatively small, the percentage of loss was—I have not got the precise figures; I believe that Judge Forsker stated them to you. At any rate, the loss on every $1,000 was over $6. In the time of Martin Van Buren it was over $11; in the time of James K. Polk, over $6; in the time of Mr. Pierce, between $4 and $5; in the time of Jimmy Buchanan, I think it was about $3.68, or thereabouts—I am not giving you the exact figures—but when Lincoln came into power, all loaded down with the confusion of war, it had been reduced to 64 cents on $1,000; in Gen. Grant's time it was only 24 cents out of $1,000; [applause]; and when Rutherford B. Hayes came into his administration it was not

THREE CENTS ON THE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

[Applause]. Peculation in the National Government is practically among the banished arts. It don't exist. In the vast sums of money collected and disbursed by the National Government under the present system, the loss is almost infinitessimal. In the collection of the internal revenue for many years the Government of the United States has not lost a single dollar by the defalcation or fraud of any government officer. But they say "Credit Mobilier!" and because it is a French term they think it runs out. What was the Credit Mobilier? It was only a question whether certain members of Congress who purchased a small amount of stocks from Oakes Ames did right or not. I will not go over that old story. They tried to slander Garfield in that way, and the people sufficiently answered that in 1880. [Great applause.] It was only a question of delicacy; whether a member of Congress was justified in buying stock in a corporation which might be affected by the legislation which was pending before it. But they talk about Star Route thieves. Who denounce these Star Route thieves more than Republicans? The law authorized the Postoffice Department to increase the service on certain routes, and to pay an additional compensation. One Second Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. Brady, it was alleged, corruptly, wrongfully, and recklessly increased the service on these western routes, and gave them unreasonable sums of money. Suppose he did! Upon the whole, it seems to me it was

RECKLESS IF NOT CORRUPT.

I don't defend any man who does wrong. But that of it? It was submitted by the administration of Pres. Hayes to the Congress of the United States and the Democratic House of Representatives in 1880. I remember the time well when the subject-matter was called to the attention of the House of Representatives, which alone can pass upon and examine the current expenditures. It was sent there, and there was a Democratic majority of some 70 or 80 in that house. It was examined. If there was anything wrong it was forgotten, concealed, or overlooked by those Democrats. They had the power to impeach Brady; they had the power to cut off these appropriations; but instead of that, it was allowed to go on. Afterwards when Garfield became President and the universal exclamation was made against these people, didn't he prosecute them? Did he not do all that any man could do? Has not Pres. Arthur, after he had come to countryman, you have witnessed the effort of the Government to try to sift out these alleged frauds. How was it defeated? By the verdict of a Democratic jury, nine to three! [Great applause]. Now, sir, you point out any fraud or wrong committed by a Republican in office, high or low, and no Republican will shield him. Indeed, sometimes I think we are too eager and too free to suspect wrong, when there has been no wrong done. [Applause]. My countrymen, the slander of the Democratic party never can impair the reputation of any honest man, nor can a man ever be injured by any calumny, unless it is proved to be true. And when it is proved to be true the Republican party will be as merciless a judge as any Democrat ever sat upon the bench. Enough of that.

WHAT IS A TARIFF?

I wish I had my good friend, Frank Hurd here, because he is square and honest upon this question, and has come out and expresses his opinion frankly; and the rest of the Democratic party don't do it. A Tariff is a tax on imported goods. It don't apply to any article made in this country. It imposes a tax on foreign productions. It dont affect any article made by any man from one end to the other of this great country of ours. There are two kinds of taxes levied by the National Government—first, any direct tax, which we have never levied a direct tax, except on a State. All these are paid by the State authorities. All the taxes paid by you in the form of direct taxation are paid by you to local authorities. But the General Government has two forms of taxation, one an internal tax, and the other an external tax. The internal taxes, we imposed soon after the war commenced, it is well to see in the war of 1812. They applied for a time upon nearly everything which was made in this county. At one time I was searching out all over with spectacles and spy-glasses, to find articles for taxation. Some of our Democratic friends said I would tax even a shroud that covered a dead body. My countrymen, during the war I would have taxed anything that any man in this country had. [Applause.] I have said I would have taken the last shirt off your back, in order to sustain the boys in blue. [Loud and prolonged applause] for I knew upon their ability to stand in the presence of the enemy, the very existence of the Government depended; that our flag, our country, our honor, our name, republican institutions for all time, depended. [Applause.] But when the war was over, a Republican Congress removed these taxes one by one. They disappeared 10 or 12 years ago. All the taxes were repealed—most of the internal revenue tax, except that on whisky, beer, tobacco, matches, bank checks, patent medicine, and a few articles of that kind; and last year—yes; this year, in the Tariff bill that we passed in this session, we took off all kinds of internal tax

EXCEPT ON WHISKY, TOBACCO AND BEER,

and we lowered the tax on tobacco one-half, so that now no American citizen pays one dollar of tax to Uncle Sam or to the National Government on any article made in this country, or on any kind of property existing in this country, except on whisky, beer and tobacco. Why were they left? For this reason: That in other nations like ours these were always fruitful objects of taxation at a much higher rate, even before the war. It was upon the eternal principle that man is better without these things than with them. At any rate, if he wants to drink whisky, and is determined to have it, he feels so good when he drinks it, he don't care what the tax is. [Laughter]. So with tobacco; when a man lights his pipe after dinner, or smokes his cigar, he don't think about the tax; he feels glorious. I know that myself; I pay my share of that tax. The principle is that these articles are not essential to human life, but are in the nature of luxuries; that they are the principal subjects of taxation; and therefore we retain that tax, voted to the Tariff bill, so

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SUMMERING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

III.

It was some time past the hour when
"Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top,"

that we found ourselves ready to take the climb to the Lake of the Clouds. I said there was no receding from the conviction that camping out was the best kind of fun, and there was not—in words. From the depths of our inner consciousness might perhaps have been evolved the idea that there had been times in our lives when we felt more spry and elastic, more as if the "sunny days of our childhood" had not faded so irretrievably into the past. Naught of this appeared in the outward mien, except that a pensive expression lingered upon the face of the "solitary horseman" while trying to carry his battered head loftily erect, and the "medicine man" now and then gave a tender pat to his lower ribs that had received a bang in the wrestle with the wagon the day before. Occasionally, too, a suspicious limp appeared with some of the rest of the party when nobody seemed looking, but under observation, it disappeared instantaneously.

Crossing the singing creek whose tones seemed to swell into a sort of sonorous farewell, to where stood the horses saddled and bridled ready for mounting, we disposed ourselves for the start. This riding arrangement was an after thought, it being originally intended that all should follow the trail on foot, but the experiences of the day before had made our masculine protectors vary the program in this way. There were not animals enough to go around and but two mountain climbers among them I was one of the last to come up, and as I surveyed the tall, heavy carriage horse and man's saddle awaiting me, I gently announced my preference for walking, asking at the same time the distance to the lake.

It is a curious fact that in an excursion of this kind two tendencies of the masculine mind are always sure to develop themselves. One is, that they know infinitely better what a woman really *wants* to do better than she does herself, and the other a stern determination that upon no account must she be made aware of the real distance to a given point, if the getting there is to involve any fatiguing exertion. The latter idiosyncrasy always reminds me of the couple who were walking, footsore and weary, over a strange road.

"How far is it now before we can rest?" asked the wife.

"Nigh onto five miles, they tell me, lovey," answered her husband; "but mebbe we'd better call it one to start with, and you'll get over the ground better."

This disposition to sugar pill the truth to a woman regarding distance is, I believe, universal, through a lurking fear, perhaps, that she may sit down in her tracks and refuse to make farther effort. So my question was answered evasively, coupled with the assurance that I *wanted* to ride. I succumbed meekly.

The rest had mounted from a log which at the moment was not available for me. A gentleman held out his hand. To my infinite horror I found I was expected to bound up, sylph-like, touch the open palm with my foot and come down upon the back of the horse which looked, to me, at the moment only a little lower than the mountain peaks around. I was upon the wrong side of the animal and underbrush and pride prevented my seeking the other, when I saw it was not expected I should do so; I had been exercising all night, as I before mentioned, and I was to ride on a man's saddle, not sidewise but—otherwise. Not being a circus performer, imagine my feelings.

Well, I bounded—I planted my foot upon *that* hand——with a fiercer effort, I went up farther—I came down, strange to relate, upon that horse's back, but I never desire to be taken for a sylph with rubber springs again. It wasn't much of an achievement for people who have been used to that sort of thing from babyhood, but I felt as if a gold medal was the least of my deserving.

The trail which we took wound along the side of the mountain, constantly ascending, and was roughened by the storms of the Summer which had brought down the trunks of fallen trees and hurled them in confusion across our pathway. But in the calm sunshine of the morning they only disturbed us as they hindered our progress, and our eyes, when we could withdraw them from the distant view, were greeted by the numberless wild flowers that laughed in our faces and shook their heads in the soft cool breeze which gently kissed them as if in rebuke at such liberty. It was hard work to pass so much beauty by without gathering it into one's ownership, but the thought of seeing it wither and die in our grasp, stayed our hands and then, too, in my case I was mounted aloft, and the pain of getting there was yet too vivid to risk descending until necessity demanded. So we left the blossoming hillside its treasures opening in the golden sunshine, or sleeping in the shadows, while we plodded on.

By and by our train entered the dim and shadowy forest. At our left glimpses could be caught of dashing waters, and their sound was henceforth in our ears until we reached the lake. It was the singing creek of our camping place, but with a noisier ong as it dashed down short, abrupt precipices and over jagged rocks torn from their beds above. Altho it was well toward the noon hour the shade was so deep and dark that one might almost believe it twilight, except for an occasional dazzling glint of sunshine that stole through the boughs. The trail grew narrower, rougher and more devious, and it required a good deal of circumspection to avoid being swept from our horses.

At least my steed, which had the lead, came to a halt. He had twisted and turned in the most docile manner through places that it seemed impossible for so large an animal to go, but here was a solid rock upon one side, and the sharp, jagged limbs of a dead tree upon the other, projecting half across the narrow track.

"Come on," shouted my companion on foot, who was a short distance in advance.

"But my horse can't go on," I called back.

"Make him," was the sententious rejoinder.

I measured with my eye the space and then the breadth of the animal. I saw he would have to shrink fully one half, but determined not to be a "measly," obstinate woman, I gave the animal a mandatory pound upon the ribs. The result was exactly what was to be expected. He strove to obey my behest, the sharp sticks pressed into his breast—he reared—he backed—and I abruptly decided to walk the rest of the way.

There is a solid satisfaction in finding one's self upon *terra firma* after such a ride as that which almost approaches real bliss. Another of the party experienced this sensation shortly after my descent. She, too, had been compelled to believe that she *wanted* to ride, notwithstanding her asseverations to the contrary. She knew nothing about horses, had no confidence in her ability to control them, and was therefore constantly and desperately afraid, although usually no coward. I never saw a more utterly miserable creature than she had been all the morning. Mounted upon a broncho, which seemed to take a fiendish delight in intensifying her fears, the road had been one long torture. But the moment came when her meek spirit aroused itself, and she resolved to defy Spoopendyke and all the rest of the masculines leagued against her peace of mind and body. The broncho's antics had become more complicated than ever, and she begged to be helped off. But it could not be. "One told me to hold him in," she said afterwards, "and I held him in, and *then* he acted. Another said let him loose, and I let him loose, and it was worse; so I made up my mind to get off in spite of everybody."

And get off she did. There was a wild, revolving confusion of something in the air and the next moment she stood on the ground by the side of her astonished escort, while the broncho gazed around with a disappointed look in his eye over the escape of his game.

The rest of the way was the severest kind of foot climbing over logs and rocks, up slippery steeps, leaping from side to side, now and then sitting down to breathe, or pausing to gather some one of the many curious and beautiful floral beauties that constantly discovered themselves to our eyes. The air grew rarer and more rare as we mounted upwards. Great beds of the beautiful columbine, purple and white, looked out at us from half hidden hollows, or draping shelving rocks. We gazed with delight but at last grew too weary to take one step towards tearing them from their resting places.

"How far is it now?" asked one confiding maiden, whose face was blanched with the exertion she was making in this rare atmosphere.

"A quarter of a mile or so," was the encouraging answer, and she walked on with renewed energy. "Two miles if it is an inch," I groaned inwardly as I heard question and reply. And it was.

Another hour's climbing and suddenly the forest ceased. A few steps more and we came out upon a rocky plateau upon one side of which was the object of our search, the wonderful Lake of the Clouds. Away up 11,000 feet above the level of the sea is this lasin of clear, cold water fed from the melting snows of the peaks higher up and finding its outlet in the creek we had followed all the way. There are still two more lakes beyond, forming a chain of three and one of Nature's curiosities they are.

The plateau upon which we were could not have been more than a quarter of a mile in diameter either way, excluding the lake which looked another quarter of a mile, and seemed very deep. I cannot give figures, to my regret, for I failed to get them myself. So far, I think, these lakes have never been examined, except in a casual way by an occasional visitor, and until within a year or two these have been rare indeed.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

A Pretty Portiere.—Make the body of the portiere of felt or fashion drapery. Put a broad border, 18 or 20 inches wide, across the bottom, letting the top of the border come about 30 inches from the floor. Make this of strips of silk or satin, mingled with velvet, joining them together with fancy stitches. Put a much narrower border across the top, about six inches, the same distance from the upper edge as the lower one is from the bottom. The colors must be chosen to harmonize with the prevailing colors of the room.

A New Embroidery Stitch.—A new stitch has been introduced in art embroidery that is decidedly an improvement, and it promises to become of permanent value for such flowers as golden rod, sumach, dandelion and others of similar texture. These are formerly very imperfectly represented by a bunch of French knots, while the new plush stitch closely imitates them in every respect. To make it, in such flowers as coxcomb or Love Lies Bleeding, just fill in the flower with French knots of the prevailing color. Then, with buttonhole twist, bring the needle up between the knots, and take the thread back again in nearly the same place over a double strand of filling silk. Draw the stitch down tightly, and the ends of the filling silk will spring upright. Clip them off at the desired hight, and repeat until the space is filled with plush, covering or nearly covering the knots. In the coxcomb, the convolutions are represented by three shades of glowing crimson, left longer at the top, graduated in length and closeness until at the lower edge, the knots in green silk representing the seeds, are sparingly sprinkled with the velvety down. Dandelions are filled with plush alone, of bright gold color. Chestnut burs are closely imitated in plush stitch. Samples in olive felt, 15 inches square, containing ample illustrations in several flowers, cost $2.50 to $5 at embroidery estal lishments. Ladies receive lessons at 75 cents per hour, or three lessons at $2. —LIEBIE RANSOM, Randall Road, N. Y.

A Pretty Air Castle.—Any man, bachelor or benedict, who can bake, and knit and sew, deserves to be told how to make the airiest of "air castles," and I will immediately begin by telling him to procure a quantity of fine rye straw, free of joint and blade. Cut some two and a half inches long, (you want a good many of this size,) seventy-two lengths, five inches long, and 12 straws 10 inches long. Have also cut and at hand a quantity of tiny patches of red or blue cashmere or silk. Begin with your short straws. Thread a needle, a long skein and with a long thread, and put about two inches from the end. Then thread on a patch and a straw, and so on alternately till you have three patches and three straws. Now put your needle through the first patch, which you put on. You have now formed your first triangle. Keep your thread drawn close, but not so close as to split your straw. Next a straw, and a patch and a straw, and catch a needle through the second patch of your original triangle. Then a straw, and a patch and a straw, and catch your needle in another of the patches already on; again a straw and a patch and a straw and catch your needle through another patch already threaded. If you have made no mistake, your work now looks like a basket without a handle. Then thread on another straw and catch your thread through a patch, skipping the one nearest your hand. Every stitch must now form a triangle; then another straw and catch your needle through another patch, skipping one as before. Then thread on your last and 12th straw, and if you have made no mistake, you are brought back to your first knot and end of thread. Tie together, leave the ends rather long, and you have one block completed. They are all made alike, though of different sizes. There must be 36 of the small ones, composed of straws two and a half inches long, six blocks of the five-inch straws and one block of the 10-inch straws. When you have them finished, tie one small one in or on each corner of the five-inch blocks. (One hangs inside and one at the bottom, and one at each of the four outside corners). Leave the strings you tie with about two inches long. You have now six little castl s, which you must suspend in and around your 10-inch block in the same manner described. Tack to the ceiling, wherever you wish, with a carpet-tack, tying the threads at the upper corner of your block to the tack. It is verily a thing of light and air, always in motion.—SESAME.

Check Insertion.—Cast on 12 stitches and knit across plain. First row—o—p 2 tog—k 4, and then draw middle 2 stitches over last one knit—k 4—o—n; 3d row—o—p 2 tog—k 4—o twice—k 2—o—n; 3d row—o—p 2 tog—k 3—p 1—k 4—o—n; 4th row—o—p 2 tog—k 4—draw middle 2 over last one—k 4—o—n; 5th row—o—p 2 tog—k 4—o twice—k 2—o—n; 6th row—o—p 2 tog—k 3—p 1—k 4—o—n. Begin with 1st row. "p" means to purl or seam; "o" at beginning of each row means keep the thread *under* the needle when you put the needle through 2 stitches to seam, then bring the thread around in *front* of the needle and knit; this makes a loop as well as a stitch on the needle. When you narrow at the end of each row, put the needle through the 2 stitches as if to slip them and knit. Same as "twist" has been described. At the end of the 1st and 4th rows you should have only 10 stitches on the needle, 12 at the end of all other rows. —CASSIE.

Correspondence.

LATE PANSIES.—I suppose it is rather late in the season for pansies to make their appearance, but I can't keep quiet any longer. I am so amused and then disgusted over some of the articles I see in this department. Some misused stepmother will warn you against widowers, some one else will say something against young men, then some woman will poke in her nose and tell you not to get married at all. What in the world is a person to do who is not capable of thinking for themselves?

I like to see a lady single until she is 25, but after that she is too old to go with the girls and seems out of place with the married folks. And then to cap the climax "Maria" says she "don't believe in kissing at all." Oh, fiddlesticks, "Maria," I hardly believe that. It does not seem possible to me that any warm-hearted, loving woman does not love to kiss and be kissed in return. I don't want to come in contact with such persons at any rate.

I would like to tell you what I have been doing. There is no "lord of the manor" here, so I have to see to everything. We have two rooms that are 12x15 and they are separated by folding doors. I got tired of the white walls, so I kalsomined them, one a very delicate tint of blue and the other pink. I put a six-inch gilt border in both rooms, and then painted the wood-work three coats pure white; the work will bear inspection. You can see no brush marks or places where I "stopped short," and you would be surprised to learn how little it cost me. I do not do this kind of work because I have a taste, for it is very hard on the arms and back, but I knew if I did not do it it would not be done, so I picked up the brush and went to work. I supposed other people are in the same predicament and I write this for their benefit.—PANSY.

TWO CLASSES.—There are two classes of teachers; the one—and they are in the majority—who drift with the tide, as it were, who make no special effort to improve themselves or their pupils, and the other who, by study, observation and diligence, are continually elevating themselves in their profession. A teacher should never cease studying. It has been said, and truthfully, that when a teacher ceases to be a student, he or she becomes unfit to be a teacher.

Teachers will agree with me when I say that the rules for spelling, as usually taught, by being learned and recited, are of little value to the pupil. My method of teaching them is this: I write a number of words on the blackboard, illustrating, say the first and second rules; then I make the rules from the words.

I have been very much amused and interested in the discussion on kissing and dancing. These girls do not believe in kissing; they wouldn't be caught indulging for anything. O no. I am acquainted with some of them. Girls are about as apt to marry foolishly at 20 as at 16. Why is it? Wonder if their education, or lack of education in that direction has anything to do with it.—MICHIGAN TEACHER.

USE OF SORROW.—I would like to say a few words to "Annie," whose letter appeared in the BLADE of August 23. In the first place, "Annie," are you a Christian, a Christian who can say heartily in every prayer you make, "Thy will, my God, be done?" And do you never sing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee, Even though it be a cross that raiseth me." And do you know its meaning? I believe that women, if they will allow themselves to be, are made better, purer, by trials and bitter experiences. One great sorrow submissively borne can lift us nearer to God than can all the ordinary pleasures of a lifetime. We pray that God will make us "pure in heart," but is there any process for the purification of material objects that would not be painful if those objects had the sense of feeling. Purify, purge out the dross. It must be a painful process.

One corn gain wisdom and self-reliance by these "bitter experiences," but one may gain more—a place nearer to the great heart of the Father. A woman is not a complete woman until she has endured heart-pangs.

I think that women do not lose their trusting nature, but are more careful whom they trust. They have the ability to look deeper into the motives and character of the man who seeks their confidence.

And shall we not acquaint another with our grief?

I believe that we should not annoy others with our petty trials, but the friend who has gone with us into our heart's "Garden of Gethsemane," and knows of the bitter cup which we have tasted is the friend which nought but death can part from us; and the cup which has been our "healing" will be his sustaining potion in times of future trial.

Somewhere I have heard it said that it is unnatural for a woman not to be a Christian, and I hope the time may come when the name "woman" will be a synonym for tested Christian character.—A WOMAN.

A GOOD THING.—Mother has been asking me to write and tell you my remedy for burns. It is sweet oil and lime water. It relieves the pain as soon as it is applied, prevents inflammation and granulation, and the new skin forms rapidly. Shake up a bottle each of lime water and sweet oil on hand, and when it is needed I pour some oil in a saucer, then put in a little lime water, just enough to make it curdle up like cream.

My little girl fell into a pan of boiling molasses last Spring and turned both hands terribly. I spread thin rags with this remedy and laid on and tied larger cloths over to keep the oil from her clothes. She blessed the burns every four hours at first, but after a few days I did not dress them so often. They were completely healed in a week, but so tender I had to keep them covered with a pair of fine old stockings a week longer. She never cried with the pain, except when they were dressed. All the skin came off. There are no scars left except some small ones on the wrists. This is really valuable. Many eminent physicians rely on this remedy in severe cases.

I've been thinking for some time that I would try to write out directions for making up hair combings into switches. My time is so taken up that I would not like to write it unless it would be acceptable.—NELLIE W.

We should be glad to have it.—ED.

THE SICK WIFE.—Would you admit one in the HOUSEHOLD from West Virginia. I have been still all along reading and watching, but I feel as if I must speak a word of comfort to the poor invalids, being one myself, although but 28 years old. I cannot help but think our dear Editor has made a mistake regarding the husband. When I read the letter in "Health and Beauty" column of August 16th, it almost made my heart stand still at the thought of such a possibility as a husband forsaking his wife because of her ill-health.

I have been in poor health two years, (have been married seven), my husband has been, if possible, more kind and considerate toward me when in bad health. Of the men that I have known to forsake their wives there were as many plump as there were pale and thin, and of the three friends in my neighborhood who whipped their wives, two of the women were robust and hearty. And of the men and women who live quarrelsome lives, as many are healthy as delicate.

I do not say this to make young girls think there is no use of taking care of their health. There is; and the editor gave good advice. But it is for the sick wives and mothers I write this. No, my kind friends be you hearty or delicate, be kind and affectionate and true. If you are able to oversee your work or help to do it, try to please your husband. I assure you your husband will not forsake you if he is a man of principle, for no man with one spark of decency or honor would leave a true wife for a wanton woman, and no nice girl will pay any attention to him more than respect. If he was that mean he is not worth a sigh.

I thank the editor very much for her "Health and Beauty" column. Many articles are worth more than the price of the paper.—B. V.

CHILDREN AND OTHER THINGS.—Do I understand "B. M." to ask advice of us in training a little one of six years who is not her own and who wants to please others as well as herself in so doing?

I have this to say, nobody can tell you till they have had your experience just what you would do. Act as you think you ought and never mind what others think about it. If you do as nearly right as you can, letting your own heart and reason guide you, you will do what is right for you.

Children need a world of patience exercised towards them and I think there is little danger of our doing them an injury by being too lenient with them. I have children not my own to bring up and I think I understand you. The words of a good man who said to me, "Be a good mother to them and God will reward you here and hereafter," has often given me patience and courage to bear with their waywardness.

Use your own good sense in this matter. Do as nearly as you can at all times what you should be willing another should do to your orphan child, and no matter who says this or that, don't mind it at all. Somebody will find fault with you anyway, and the consciousness of trying to do your duty may be the only reward you will get here.

I am glad that somebody asked for that pickle recipe. I am going to try some in grape leaves this week.

Does any one want to know how to make ink for marking clothes that will not wash out? Take a stick of caustic and dissolve in vinegar, and write with a pen.

Somebody told me how to keep a tub from falling down this dry weather. Turn it bottom side up and fill with water. Better still, add a bit of old carpet over all.

One of the HOUSEHOLD sisters told us to put a tin can on the churn-lid over the dash to keep it from spattering. Pin a towel around the mouth of the can and let it fall over the churn, and you may safely churn on a carpet.

We that have good, kind husbands, and who delight in our home duties, even if they are monotonous as all such work must be, can but wonder at the experiences we read of through the chapters of the HOUSEHOLD. I can almost say with "Mrs. Maggie Winnie" that "our homes are just what we make them." If this is not altogether true in all cases, its nearer truth than we often confess.

Will she be kind enough to send me a few seeds of wild cucumbers this fall?—MRS. S. D. SNOW, Muskegon, Mich.

A PROTEST.—If the person who signs herself "Ida" had any real knowledge of the subject she attempts to discuss, namely, that class of literature which she condemns as "novels," we are sure she would see her mistake in presuming to judge all works of fiction by the class usually found in the New York *Weekly*.

As this world contains bad people as well as good, so, in the world of literature, is a class of literature which can work no possible good, and which, in most cases, is very apt to work harm; but there is another class which acts as essential a part in the literary world as great and good men do on this terrestrial globe.

If "Ida" desires reading of a moral tone, we beg leave to refer her to the novels written by the Rev. E. P. Roe and others of the same class. The mind needs recreation as much as does the body, and that class of reading, though light, can do no injury unless carried to excess. In the novels of Sir Walter Scott, the reader will find a rare purity in both thought and expression. But for a faithful portrayal of humanity we bow low before Dickens, whose Cricket's cheerful chirp still echos in our ears.

Anything that serves to lift our thoughts to a hight above the low-tide line of the commonplace, ennobles and expands our nature, and exists not in vain.—K.

THE ESSAY SUBJECT.—"Council Bluffs' Girl," do not ask for subjects for essays, but take something which you have seen, thought or felt, yourself, and write it up—a walk, an excursion, an idea, or even a conversation, with racy comments of your own.

There are too many essays written in school on subjects about which we know nothing, and knowing nothing of them, we have to gather our materials from other sources. This is right enough where we really have a desire to learn something about the subject and will read and digest before writing, but to copy another's thoughts, no matter if we do clothe them in different language, is stealing. Then, too, in nine cases out of 10, the essay when finished is dry and uninteresting, for you have merely grasped the words not the spirit of the author. You have derived no benefit from an exercise meant to be useful, but rather, harm.

The trouble is we are afraid to be original, or even to have a single thought out of the common run. What imagination we may have lies dormant.

We had a teacher in our High School. A department, who tried to develop originality. The result of her efforts was a revelation. No one could guess the amount of wit, humor, rich and quaint, broad and delicate; pathos too, and common sense, hidden under some of the stupid exteriors.

Our teacher, Miss K., was never too tired to give helpful hints or to bring to the surface the best that was in us. It was the same in all our work. I know I am better for having been taught by her for the four years I was with her.

If the editor will let me come again I will tell you some of her methods, they may assist some other teacher.

"Ida," I too dislike novel reading and wish it were not so common.—IDA NO. 2.

TRUE WORDS.—The writer of the articles on "Health and Beauty" was wise in her choice of a title. She doubtless understood that many women would read what was said about beauty who would hardly notice an article on health. It was surely a happy idea to combine the two, for while health is the most invaluable, of the good things we may possess, beauty is also an enjoyable and valued blessing. Those of us who have daughters growing up into womanhood, can but fully appreciate the importance of having so many good things said, and so much information given in a way to be so easily understood and remembered. Women have only to look about them, with a glance at the years gone by, to see many promises of better things to come, fulfilled, and the end is not yet. The young women of to-day are having golden opportunities to fit themselves for the work that is waiting for capable hands, and may they have eyes to see and willing hands to do their work in so thoro a manner that womanhood everywhere may be benefited by it. And it is our homes that need our educated women, as wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, educated to have an individuality of their own, perfect in itself as far as may be, and wise and gentle and reasonable as only women can be.—F. L. H.

Correspondence Clippings.

"S. E. S." Buckeye, Ill., gives advice that does not seem to have much reason in it, and if she follows it herself she will be very likely to become an invalid in a few years. Now, I love order too, and to have everything done, but I would far rather slight some things, or even have them undone, than to lose my health, or perhaps be taken from my family ere my mission is near completion.

How many housekeepers sacrifice almost everything to "the satisfaction of knowing everything is done." I think it is our duty to take time to rest and improve our minds.

I have been waiting for some one to send directions for knitting a lace collar, or some wide lace that one could make into a collar. I should like to have the rose leaf edging given again correctly.—MRS. S. J. BAXTER, Bristol, Worth Co., Ia.

I am not going to discuss matrimony, kissing or housework. The principal object of my visit is to say a word of thanks to the editor for her valuable and interesting articles on "Health and Beauty." Indeed I think each and every member of the HOUSEHOLD owes her a debt of gratitude. I have all the articles preserved and I am going to make a little scrap-book of them which I shall loan to some of my friends who have not been so fortunate as to possess them.

Poor "Unknown," I would like to make acquaintance with you, you just expressed my sentiments when you wrote about servant girls. I know several ladies in the City of St. Louis who when their dresses, hats and gloves are slightly soiled, turn them rather than give or sell them to their hired girls. Ladies, (if such could be called ladies) seem to take pleasure in treating their servant girls tyrannically.

"We are all God's children.
We all say our Father, not mine, when we pray,
But the proud ones of earth turn aside from the lowly,
As if they were fashioned of different clay."

—KATHARINE.

"Black-Eyed Lydia" didn't write that first letter? Well, how do we know she wrote the last one? We have no more proof of that than we have that the uncle wrote the first one. I would a great deal sooner believe that "Jim" wrote the last one, because that says that "Jim" is handsome, and the first one says the uncle is handsome. The first letter wants to know if we don't believe "Jim" will leave off his bad habits and be good looking too. I don't know whether he will leave off his bad habits or not, but I do know he would be good looking if he could. So would I. Fact is, I don't know who wouldn't.

"Mary Ann" wants to know if we won't stop wearing hoops. Yes, we will do all that and more too. We will stop painting, wearing false hair, etc., just as soon as all the gentlemen quit chewing, smoking, etc. If the gentlemen expect us to have no faults why can't we expect the same of them.

I wish M. Ida Smith would send the "Model Wife" poem to the HOUSEHOLD for publication, and see if H. C. Emmet cannot give undutiful husbands a little "lecture" under "cover" of that poem.—IOWA BLONDE.

Inquiries.

Will someone please tell me how to make soft lemon candy, using lemon juice instead of lemon essence; also, cream chocolates?

How can onions alone, or onions and cabbage, be pickled so as to keep all Winter and be crisp? I do not want to use spice or tomatos.

Can pork be cured by using dry salt and and saltpeter without sugar or brine? Will not the salt strike to the bone quicker, by salting as soon as the pork is ready, and allowing it to cool afterward? Are the liquids sold for preserving meats and fruits, any of them good?—BLANK.

Where or how could I get the story "Throne and Scaffold?" I do not read many novels, but admit I do enjoy an historical romance. Will the HOUSEHOLD express their opinion about novel reading? For my part, I enjoy a good novel once in a while.

Will someone send me a recipe for grape jelly? I wish to know how long to boil it to have it clear and thick enough to cut. I would like some tidy patterns for Java patterns! Where can I get them?—SATELLITE LOYALTON, California.

"Throne and Scaffold" was published as a serial in the BLADE. We cannot supply you with the back numbers containing it.—ED.

Will some one who has removed mildew from linen please send their recipe to me? Address—G. APPLEMAN, Kendallville, Ind.

Where can the molds for wax flowers be had and what will they cost me? Where can I get a glass globe to put them in and what will it cost? I for one have got some very nice ferns pressed nice and dry. I would be very glad if "Wild Bird" would tell her way of making Winter bouquets.

Is there such a tree as a man-eating tree and is there such a tree as a devil-tree? If there is where does it grow, or is it fiction only?—GOOSE QUILLE KATE, Ind.

It is probably the purest fiction.—ED.

Will "Minnette A. Whitney" please send directions for making collars of feather edge braid and oblige a writer of the HOUSEHOLD?—MARETTA.

If any of the friends of the BLADE have papers or magazines they would spare, I would be thankful for several, or even just a few copies of *Youths' Companion, Scholars' Companion, Our Little Ones*, etc. I am teaching in a district where children have no literature but the dull school readers. I will present name and address of all who send, if they desire, to my school. We will be thankful for all favors. I will pay all postage.—B. W., Box 54, Marshfield, Mo.

I would like to have something in the HOUSEHOLD upon a subject as yet not discussed, viz: "Choice of Vocation," a subject of very deep interest to me. I am a farmer-boy, but dislike that following, and am studiously inclined.—CHARLEY.

Will "Ray" please look over the panel lace collar of June 28. I think there is a mistake somewhere, as I cannot get it right by knitting, as you say. Also, what is it knitted of, linen or silk? And what number? Please make it very plain, as it is hard to understand the terms used in knitting. Can some one tell what t means in French lace pattern? Also t of

Will some one please send the pattern called Diamond Lace?—MRS. JANE HOOD.

Will "Aunt Delia" be so kind as to send me, through the columns of the BLADE or by letter, a full description of the commonsense incubator, and oblige a reader of the BLADE?—ANNIE B. SCOTT.

"Aunt Delia" does not seem inclined to respond to any advances from the HOUSEHOLD. Her address has been requested several times, without success. Will she please communicate privately with the editor of the HOUSEHOLD?—ED.

Please tell me through the columns of the Weekly BLADE where I can get a book on the culture of silk worms.—A. R. WHEELER, Fairfield, Iowa.

Write to Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, 61st and Vine Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.—ED.

Will some one send the recipe for painting stoves to the HOUSEHOLD? I do not know where to get it.

Will some one send a pretty way to make little boys' clothes, one year old?—BLANCHE.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE give a pattern for crocheted lace, also definitions of terms?—LINA.

Will you tell me by what means superfluous hair may be permanently eradicated? —M. C. M.

The best one that we know anything of is that in "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," which has been given before in the HOUSEHOLD. It is a strong solution of sulphuret of barium made into a paste with starch and warm water, then applied immediately to the affected part, which should be shaven close beforehand. Let it stay five or 10 minutes, then wash off with warm water. This generally proves effectual. You will probably be obliged to get your druggist to send for the barium. We would advise you to get the book above mentioned, in which are many excellent recipes for toilet use.—ED.

For how much can I get back numbers of the BLADE containing "Health and Beauty?" And will the author please tell, through the BLADE, if it is injurious to the hair to use a wire hair-brush for the nightly brushing? When should apples be eaten? I am very fond of them and like them best any time between meals, and would like to know if it is as bad for the health as eating anything else "between meals." Is ammonia hurtful if you happen to get five or six drops in the water for your face instead of the two or three. I have been very much interested in those articles on health, and hope I have been benefited by them.—C. L. E.

The supply of back numbers of "Health and Beauty" is exhausted.

A wire hair-brush will not hurt the hair unless it is coarse and rough, or breaks the hair.

It depends something on the condition of the stomach as to when you should eat apples. If that is strong you may eat them with impunity at any time except following a hearty meal. They are not as hurtful as pie or cake, generally speaking, altho their coldness sometimes distresses a weak stomach. It is well for everybody to take off the skin, as that is the part hard to digest.

The quantity of ammonia does not matter so much, only that it should be but very little. You might proportion it in this way: Two or three drops to a pint of water. If you get in more ammonia put in more water. Too much ammonia *would* be likely to injure the skin.—ED.

Will some one tell me how to knit a baby's boot and make the directions very plain? Will the editor please tell me where I can get the books—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Curse Entailed," and what they will cost?—DELL.

Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., for information in regard to these books.—ED.

Will some one tell me why my hens pick the feathers from each other, and even pick the flesh till it will bleed and they do not resist it? Please suggest a remedy.—THOMAS PRATT, Bliss, Wyoming Co., N. Y.

Can you inform an old subscriber where implements for making wax flowers can be obtained? If you know of any firm manufacturing the same please give address.—S. P. BALLARD.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Mollie B.," if you will rub your hands with glycerine and draw on a pair of wool mittens, your hands will not tan on wash day. Let me thank the lady that sent the corn starch recipe. I tried it and was much pleased with my success.—MARETTA.

"Widow," in answer to yours of August 30, there is plenty of vacant land in Dakota yet to be entered either under the Homestead or Preemption acts. Homesteads require five years residence to secure the deed. Preemption right outside of railroad limit, $1.25 per acre within three years after filing on it. Wheat is the great staple of the country, but mixed farming is thought to be the most profitable. Men can be found to work "on shares." Poultry raising is profitable. But neither bees nor silk worms have been thoroly tested here yet and I think it doubtful if they would be a success. Should you see fit to write me, I will send you papers and give you other information at greater length.—H. C., Box 52, Mandan P. O., Morton Co., Dakota.

In to-day's BLADE some one is asked for the remainder of the lines commencing

Breathes there a man with soul so dead.

The conclusion is;

Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land.

—J. BELL.

Tell "Despondent" if she will take sweet milk and curdle it by putting alum into it and binding it on the eyes on retiring, I think she will find relief. I have known the worst of sore eyes cured in that way.—DONDA.

Thought I'd just look in on the HOUSEHOLD, to thank them for many useful hints, recipes and kind words, and say something of the "Pioneer Life." In one of the "Reminiscences" the author speaks of the "Jerks," "powers," etc. Thinks them out of date. Had he been at the Free Methodist camp-meeting at Evart, a year ago, he would have seen one case of "jerks," and in many of their meetings the "power" is witnessed, often "slaying" 50 at a time. It is not at all a "Thing of the past" with that religious society.—MOSS BACK.

For the benefit of those who tried and failed in the "Diamond lace pattern" printed in the BLADE June 21, I will tell them to "try again," omitting one o. n. (over narrow) in the first row, the balance is correct.—MISS M. A. PRICE, Barnesville, O.

I want to say in answer to "Despondent," that if she will bind raw scraped potatoes on her eyes at night I think it will relieve the inflammation. Then get Petit's Eye Salve and apply in daytime. That will strengthen her eyes. My eyes had been so weak I could only read a little for two or three years, and that cured them. If you try this and get relief report through the HOUSEHOLD and it will repay me for my trouble in writing.—AUNT LIZZIE.

"Bernhardt," moth patches may be removed by the following remedy: Into a pint bottle of rum put a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur. Apply this to the patches once a day and they will disappear in two or three weeks.

"Julius." To make Boston Brown Bread take 1 qt. Indian meal, sprinkle in a little salt, then wet it thoroly with scalding water. When cool add 2 cups of flour, 1 gill yeast, 1 cup molasses, knead it, make it into loaves, let it rise two hours and bake in a moderate oven.

To take iron rust out of linen take the juice of 1 lemon, dissolve in it 1 teaspoonful of salt. Apply to the spots and lay in the sun and they will soon disappear.—SUNNY SOUTH, Washington, N. C.

Some one writes to ask the origin of the word "dude." Nobody knows where it started, but it is a piece of London slang, that came into use just as hundreds of such words do because they happen to strike the ear and arrest the attention of a certain class who fasten them to ideas and start them on their rounds.—ED.

"J" asks several questions which must be briefly answered, as the matter has been already treated in "Health and Beauty."

The warm milk bath at bedtime was to preserve the smoothness of the skin—in other words, to keep away the wrinkles. While, however, this will help and is a good thing for the complexion, I must tell you plainly that, if you are constantly anxious and worried, *nothing* will keep away the tell tales. Each one marks the agitation of mind under which you labor. At your age you should still look young and fair. If it is possible—probably it is not entirely within your power—dismiss worry. Look on the bright side of life. A contrary course brings age faster than years.

Your grey hairs are, undoubtedly due to the same cause. A good thing to do is to put a little salt in the water in which you bathe your head. Brush your hair a great deal, wear it loosely, and keep your head cool. These things will do much towards keeping the hair in its natural color.

The correspondent from South Toledo who sent us a most kindly letter in regard to "Health and Beauty," we should very much like to answer only that we cannot make out the signature, the surname commencing with D. Will she send us a postal with the name written a little plainer?—ED.

Recipes.

Wine from Pie-Plant.—First gather the pie plant and wash it clean, cut it up in a large tub; put water to cover it. You can add sugar if you like, and let it stand 48 hours in the sun, or until it commences to ferment.—MRS. L. RHODES, White Pigeon, Mich.

Blackberry Wine.—On every quart of berries pour 1 qt. of boiling water. Let it stand 24 hours. Bruise the berries and strain it. To every gallon of liquid add 3 lbs. of crushed sugar, bottle and cork and put in a cool place. Let it stand 3 months. When used sweeten to taste.—MARETTA.

Boston Brown Bread.—For "Julius." One heaping coffee-cup each of corn, rye and graham meal. The rye meal should be as fine as the graham, or rye flour may be used. Sift the three kinds together, and beat together thoroughly with 2 cupfuls New Orleans molasses, 2 cupfuls sweet milk, 1 cupful sour milk, 1 dessert-spoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful salt; pour into a tin form, place in a kettle of cold water, put on and boil four hours. The bread should not quite fill the form as it must have room to swell. This bread may be used as pudding and served with sauce.—LEO, Glenwood, Iowa.

Coffee Cake.—Two cupfuls of brown sugar, one of butter, one of strong coffee as prepared for the table, flour, eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda, two of cinnamon, one pound of raisins, one of currants, 4 cupfuls of flour. This is splendid. Try and report. —BESSIE.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Slice tomatos thin and put salt on, and lay on a board and let juice drain off. Then put on the fire and cook a few minutes, just long enough to make them tender. Then put in a jar. Take best cider vinegar and a cupful of sugar and some spices, and boil and pour over them. Cover tight.—S. K.

Cabbage Salad.—One cupful vinegar, ½ cupful sugar, 1 tablespoonful mustard, 1 tablespoonful butter, yolks of 5 eggs. Put pepper and salt on cabbage before the dressing is put on, and put dressing on cabbage while hot.—B. S., Frankfort, Ky.

Cure for Tetter.—Some time since I saw a request for a remedy for the cure of tetter in the hands. I will name one that is a good one, viz: Gum camphor, pulverized, 2 drachms; glycerine 1 oz. Shake before use and apply two or three times a day.—J. Z. SCOTT.

Is Alum Poisonous?

Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health*, in a recen issue, says:

"This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. It has not been considered immedi

HOP BITTERS.

A---Great---Problem.

TAKE ALL THE

KIDNEY & LIVER

Medicines,

BLOOD

PURIFIERS,

RHEUMATIC

Remedies,

DYSPEPSIA

And Indigestion Cures,

AGUE, FEVER

And Bilious Specifics,

BRAIN AND NERVE

Force Revivers,

GREAT HEALTH

Restorers.

IN SHORT, TAKE ALL THE BEST qualities of all these, and the best qualities of all the best Medicines of the world, and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure, when any or all of these, singly or combined, fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It restores the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humor from the blood at whatever age and whenever lurking in the system of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. (1)

SAMARITAN NERVINE.

SAMARITAN NERVINE NEVER FAILS.

"You claim too much for SAMARITAN NERVINE," say skeptic. "How can one medicine be a specific for Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Rheumatism, Spermatorrhœa, Nervousness, Sexual Debility, and other complaints?" We claim it a *specific*, simply because the virus of all diseases arises from the blood. Its Nervine, Restorant, Alterative and Tonic properties act upon all the conditions herein referred to. It is known world wide as

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

It quiets and controuses the patient—not by the introduction of opiates and drastic cathartics, but by the restoration of activity to the stomach and nervous system, whereby the brain is relieved of morbid fancies, which are created by the causes above referred to.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all those whose sedentary employment causes nervous prostration, stomachic disorders, Dizziness, Diseases of the kidneys or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever restored the sinking system. $1.50. Sold by all Druggists. (14)

For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

THE D. S. A. RICHMOND MED. CO., PROPR'S, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

LEMON'S SKIN CURE.

Eczema, Tetters, Humors, Pimples, Diseases of Hair and Scalp, Inflammation, Eruptions, Ulcers, Itchings, all vanish by use of

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

Skin Cure.

It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tans and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing IN THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first-class druggists have it. Price, $1 per package.

AGUE CURE.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

CLAIMS for Horses Lost by Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress. Apply immediately. Apply to T. W. TAUL, Attorney, WASHINGTON, D.C., who has had 25 years experience and recommended as reliable and successful by Hon. John C. New, late Commissioner of Patents, Hon. Joseph H. Blackburn, late U. S. Senator, and Hon. Wm. Dennison, late Postmaster-General. Also Prosecutes Pension Claims.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Feeding Swine in the Autumn Months.

Not so many hogs are fattened now in Autumn and Winter as formerly, when hogs were marketed exclusively in cold weather because only then could packing be done. Yet notwithstanding the large proportions of Summer packing, the average farmer fattens the greater number of hogs in the Fall and early Winter, and at this time feels the greatest interest in everything relating to feeding. Is it best to feed twice or three times per day? This he will frequently ask himself and neighbors. So far as my observation goes, and it is by no means limited, the common practice is to feed sto kers twice per day, and fattening hogs three times per day. It is certain that so long as the food is properly digested and assimilated, hogs fed three times per day will put on fat faster than those fed only twice; and it is also contended that when hogs are given all they will eat, as fattening hogs are, and fed only twice per day, they will gorge their stomachs and produce greater indigestion than when fed three times per day. On the other hand, it is said that the digestive and assimilative organs, like other organs of the body, require a period of rest after action; that if not given this period of rest they soon lose vigor and will finally refuse to act at all; and that when these organs are called upon to digest and assimilate three hearty meals each day, their labor is out of proportion to their rest, and they must become debilitated. In cases of this kind, experience and observation furnish the best solutions, and they must become debilitated. In cases of this kind, experience and observation furnish the best solutions, and they would indicate that three feeds per day lead to the best results in fattening swine, while for stockers two meals per day are sufficient, especially if the hogs have something to forage upon during the day.

Does it pay to grind or cook food, is another of these perplexing problems. In my opinion it can be answered both yes and no. The greatest fault of our feeding of swine is lack of variety in the food provided. To increase this variety it may often be advisable to vary the form of the food by cooking as much as possible. It is certain that neither grinding nor cooking adds anything to the substance of the food. If it increases its nutritiveness it does so by increasing the ease and completeness of its digestion. Either grinding or cooking may do this in some cases. In my life I have several times seen the markets so fluctuate that wheat was a cheaper ration for hogs than corn. And unless wheat is ground or cooked hogs digest scarcely more than two-thirds of it. The value of oats and rye as food for swine is greatly enhanced by cooking or grinding them. It is advantageous to cook an occasional feed of shelled corn; and it will well pay for the grinding to keep the slop barrel a third full of meal, and stir the barrel's contents well before each feeding. Turnips can be sown on the ground occupied the same season by early potatos, and I have seen most excellent lots of hogs fattened on boiled turnips exclusively; but hogs can make very little use of them unless they are cooked. The same is true of potatos. I have seen potatos worth only 16 cents per bushel; there are always potatos too small for market and home use. When cooked and thickened with bran or meal, potatos make a splendid food for swine. Confined kettles and furnaces are manufactured for the express purpose of cooking such articles. If the farmer does not feel disposed to purchase one of these he can suspend two large iron kettles from a pole sustained by a forked post at each end. In the Winter slop should be warmed, especially for pigs.

How to keep the monotony of a corn diet is another perplexing problem. This is a troublesome problem to the swine-raiser in the States bordering on the Ohio and upper Mississippi rivers, for here corn is produced in such abundance that other crops suitable as food for hogs occupy but a small, exceptional position. I have already spoken of turnips and potatos. Rye may be sown in the Fall, and will afford good pasture throughout the Fall and early Winter. Though much pastured, it will still make a good crop, and the grain is an excellent food for hogs. We raise pumpkins extensively among the corn; they do not interfere with all with the corn or its cultivation. They are not great fat or flesh-forming, but are good medicine for fattening time, being gently laxative in their nature. Potatos are a good corrective of the too great oiliness of corn, being composed largely of starch.

The proper age at which to fatten is still another problem. This will depend entirely upon the circumstances of the feeder. The time is past for growing a hog and fattening him afterward. He should be kept almost ready for market throughout his career. Early maturity is desirable. The sooner a hog is marketed, the less risk from disease; but it never pays to market a hog not fat. I would suggest that from nine to 15 months is the proper age. And, as an answer to another problem, I would say that short feeds, when complete, are the best.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Requirements for Making Sugar from Sorghum.

At the meeting of the Cane-Growers Association, held in St. Louis, Mr. H. B. Blackwell, of Boston, remarked that for the profitable making of sugar from sorghum two conditions are needed: 1. The cane should not be worked until nearly ripe. The seed should be hard before the cane is cut. 2. The same processes so successfully applied to the beet in Europe should be applied to the sorghum. These processes are briefly as follows:

1. The juice should be treated with a very considerable excess of lime, so as to make it decidedly alkaline, at a temperature not exceeding 160 degrees F. Without this excess of lime, a perfect defecation is impossible.

2. The lime should then be almost wholly precipitated in the juice, by the injection of carbonic acid gas.

3. The slightly alkaline thin juice should then be filtered through cloth by filter presses, or otherwise.

4. It should then be passed through bone-black, and thoroughly decolorized.

5. It should then be boiled down, either by open evaporation, or, far better and cheaper, by exhaust steam in a double-effect vacuum pan, to about 25 degrees Baume.

6. It should again be filtered through fresh bone-black, to remove all color.

6. It should then be grained in the vacuum pan.

8. It should be purged in a centrifugal.

The first product should be standard granulated sugar; the second product should be bright yellow; and the third product, light brown refined sugar—a total product of about 75 per cent of the boiled juice. The process described will be substantially adopted when the manufacture of sugar from sorghum is put upon its permanent business basis. It will be done, if at all, on a large scale, and with large profit.

The Medicinal Value of Vegetables.

Asparagus is a strong diuretic, and forms part of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling, and forms the staple of that *soupe aux herbes* which a French lady will order for herself after a long and tiring journey. Carrots, as containing a quantity of sugar, are avoided by some people, while others complain of them as indigestible. With regard to the latter accusation it may be remarked, in passing, that it is the yellow core of the carrot that is difficult of digestion—the outer, a red layer, is tender enough. In Savoy the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice.

The large, sweet onion is very rich in those alkaline elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout. If slowly stewed in weak broth, and eaten with a little Nepaul pepper, it will be found to be an admirable article of diet for patients of studious and sedentary habits. The stalks of cauliflower have the same sort of value, only too often the stalk of a cauliflower is so ill-boiled and unpalatable that few persons would thank you for proposing to them to make part of their meal consist of so uninviting an article. Turnips, in the same way, are often thought to be indigestible, and better suited for cows and sheep than for delicate people; but here the fault lies with the cook quite as much as with the root. The cook boils the turnip badly and then pours some butter over it, and the eater of such a dish is sure to be the worse for it. Try a better way. What shall be said about our lettuces? The plant has a slight narcotic action, of which a French old woman, like a French doctor, well knows the value, and when properly cooked it is really very easy of digestion.—*Medical Record.*

A Cheap Silo.

The Nashua *Telegraph* says: Last year a farmer improvised a small silo by sinking a useless hogshead into the ground in his barn cellar. He cut up all his corn fodder with a hay-cutter, supposing he had enough to fill about four hogsheads, but on packing it found it wouldn't fill one. He then bought of a neighbor as much more as one horse could draw, and still there was room. He then cut up the stalks from a piece of sweet corn, and with a lot of rowan managed to fill his hogshead. He made a close-fitting cover, and with a jack-screw set under one of the floor timbers pressed it down as tight as possible. In the middle of December he opened his silo, and found the corn as sweet and fragrant as when put in. From the hogshead he fed one cow half a bushel of ensilage morning and night for two months, and considers it the best producing food that can be fed. This year he proposes to fill the hogshead with oats cut just as they are in milk. If a silo on so simple a plan is practicable, there is certainly no reason why everyone should not have one, and satisfy himself of the ensilage system. Readers of small means may try such a silo as this without incurring much risk of loss. If they are satisfied with the results, a more pretentious silo may be constructed another year. A large packing-box would answer better than a hogshead.

The Colt by Her Side.

The still common practice of allowing the foal to follow its dam while the latter is at work about the farm or on the road seems to us unadvisable. If taken when young the colt can soon be accustomed to remaining quietly in a box-stall or small lot where it can rest in comfort. It is better that it have milk but thrice a day than that it run the risk of injury by fatiguing itself and by suckling when the mare is overwarm. If necessary to take the colt with the dam on the road, it is better to fasten it by halter to the dam's harness than to allow it to follow, sometimes a nuisance to the owner and others, from its determination to follow some other team. Left in stall or suitable grass lot the foal will soon begin to eat grass and oats. Of all feeds, we know of none superior, for a colt, to good oats.—*Breeder's Gazette.*

A Discovery About Corn.

An exchange tells of a man who plants two or three weeks after the crop is planted a new hill of corn every fifteenth row each way. And this is the reason: If the weather becomes dry after the filling time the silk and tassel both become dry and dead. In this condition, if it should become seasonable the silk revives and renews its growth, but the tassels do not recover. Then for want of pollen, the new silk is unable to fill the office for which it was designed. The pollen from the planted corn is then ready to supply silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears so common in all corn crops are caused by the want of pollen, and he has known ears to double in size in this filling.

Growing Artichokes.

Artichokes have been grown for swine several years at the Michigan Horticultural College. The method of management has been to have a small patch of artichokes convenient to the swine pens, upon which the breeding sows were turned early in the Spring, and allowed to harvest the roots for themselves. The crop is thus grown with very little labor, since it requires no harvesting, the roots remaining in the ground all Winter, and it furnishes succulent food for the sows just when it is most needed and most difficult to obtain from other sources. Prof. Johnson, farm superintendent, is so well pleased with the results of the management that he is enlarging the artichoke plantation.

Notes of Interest.

Cut off the first appearance of black-knot on plum trees.

The Fall web worm is now making its appearance; it should be promptly removed and destroyed.

In mowing lawns, allow a gradual higher growth as Autumn approaches, so as to have a thick mass for enduring Winter.

An inch of fine manure spread around strawberry plants set since bearing, will preserve moisture in the soil, and prevent the ground from crusting if it becomes necessary to water them.

Bud such fruit trees as are freely growing and on which the bark will lift freely. Success in budding depends more on free-growing stock than on all else. Remove the ligature as soon as it begins to cut the bark.

In hand-picking pears, the eye will point out, by a yellow tint or color, those which are mature enough for house-ripening, and if the stem cracks off when the fruit is partly lifted, they should not be left any longer on the tree.

Apples need to be kept as cool as possible without freezing. They will endure a little frost much better than too warm a temperature; 38 to 34° is best; when it rises above 40° they don't keep well, and a temperature over 50° will speedily spoil them.

The amount of the crop of strawberries next year will depend much on the treatment of the bed this year. A strong growth late in Summer and during the first half of the Autumn will give a good crop next year. Scatter manure between the rows or about the stools, and work it into the surface soil with a steel rake, or hoe, if in the garden, or with a horse culture in the field. Keep the runners cut, and a fine growth will be the result.

CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS—A CASE OF RAPID DEVELOPMENT ACCOMPANIED BY SEVERE HEMORRHAGE.

The following testimonial to the prompt action of Compound Oxygen in a case of rapidly developing Consumption of the lungs, is given by the writer in order, as he says, that by means or its publication, "some afflicted one may be induced to try your very simple and beneficial remedy:

"FOUNTAIN CITY, IND., April 17, 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN. *Dear Sirs:*—My lungs have been affected for years, it being hereditary with me, my mother having died of Consumption. One year ago this last winter I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and finally resulted in a severe hemorrage. I had a hard, hacking cough all spring; in fact, all through the summer, at times. Last fall, as the cold weather came on, my cough increased, and *I was having night sweats every night and had one or two severe hemorrages.* I was very much reduced in flesh. The color had left my lips and I was expectorating thick, yellow matter, often marked with blood. Had to lie propped on pillows at night. *I had about made up my mind that a few more months would end my earthly career,* and my friends have told me since I began to improve that some of them had only given me till next May to live; but if I die before that time new I will have to go in some other way than Consumption. *I have not had a single night sweat since I first began your Treatment. My cough has almost disappeared and I am rapidly improving.*" Very gratefully yours,

LAYDON PARKMAN."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases will be *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Phila.

Knights of Labor Split on Politics.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 21.—It is stated that a disintegration of the Knights of Labor is threatened, on account of the proceedings taken at the meeting of the General Assembly in Cincinnati. The Pittsburg members of the order, especially, it is said, will withdraw from the organization, because Frank C. Foster, a pronounced free trader, has been placed at the head of the executive board created at the Cincinnati meeting, and which will hereafter direct and control the order. It comes from some of the highest officers of the order in this City, that the members of the order who are protectionists will withdraw from it at an early day, and that they comprise a majority of the order, but were out generaled by the free traders, who are supported by the Cobden Club.

ROME, GA., May 22, 1883.

Editors Constitution:

With the hope that it will reach the eye of other sufferers, I desire to write you a statement of my case and my wonderful rescue from death from malarial blood poison by the use of the great S. S. S. (Swift's Specific.)

In 1880 I came from the North to take charge of the gas works in Rome, as Superintendent, and after the overflow which occurred in the Spring following, I was very much exposed to malarial poison, and in 1882 found my blood so contaminated with the poison that I was forced to give up business. I was treated by the Rome physicians without relief, they advising me to go North, which I did. The doctors North told me that my only hope was to return to the milder climate, and accordingly I came back to Rome, completely broken down and nearly a skeleton. My trouble finally determined in an abscess of the liver, and nearly every one (myself included) thought I was doomed to die within a few days. In this condition I was advised by a friend to take Swift's Specific, and I took it just as a drowning man would catch at a straw; but as soon as my system got under the influence of the remedy, the abscess came to a point and burst, passing off without pain. In fifteen days after this I was up at my work, and have since enjoyed excellent health.

Every sufferer from malarial poison should take Swift's Specific.

Yours truly, C. G. SPENCER,
Sup't. Rome Gas Light Co.

The Sunday School.

Eli's Death.

LESSON 1, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1883.

Golden Text—His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.—1. Sam. 3: 13.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Samuel 4: 10-18.

10. And the Philistines fought, and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man into his tent; and there was great slaughter; for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen.

11. And the ark of God was taken; and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain.

12. And there ran a man of Benjamin out of the army, and came to Shiloah the same day with his clothes rent, and with earth upon his head.

13. And when he came, lo, Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching; for his heart trembled for the ark of God. And when the man came into the city and told it, all the city cried out.

14. And when Eli heard the noise of the crying, he said, What meaneth the noise of this tumult? And the man came in hastily and told Eli.

15. Now Eli was ninety and eight years old, and his eyes were dim that he could not see.

16. And the man said unto Eli, I am he that came out of the army, and I fled today out of the army. And he said, What is there done my son?

17. And the messenger answered and said Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there has been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phinehas, are dead and the ark of God is taken.

18. And it came to pass when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died, for he was an old man, and heavy. And he had judged Israel forty years.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

There is no bright side to this lesson. It is not given for its brightness; it is given for its shade. But there is something to be learned out of darkness. Gloom has its teachings; such teachings as light could not give. Warnings are quite as important as encouragement in their way. An obvious teaching of this lesson—with the story of a recreant people, an unfaithful priest, and the consequences of their course to both people and priest—is this warning:

UNFAITHFULNESS BRINGS DISASTER.

1. A Symbol Cannot Protect (vs 10, 11.)
2. Anxiety Cannot Avert (vs. 12-17.)
3. Despairing Cannot Restore (v. 18.)

1. A SYMBOL CANNOT PROTECT.

And Israel was smitten. And the ark of God was taken (vs. 10, 11). The ark of God was a symbol of God's presence; a symbol of his presence as a covenant keeping God. It was a symbol which he himself had appointed. It could not be improved as a symbol; yet at the best, it was but a symbol. God's protection of his people was conditioned on the fidelity of his people, and when his people were unfaithful, the symbol of his presence could not secure to them the results of fidelity. The very symbol could fall into the hands of the enemy, when an unfaithful people were in a contest to which their transgression alone had brought them. There is no symbol which can itself protect. A man may die a wretched and shameful death hugging a crucifix to his bosom, or with a Bible next to his heart. A certificate of churchmembership will not prove a passport to heaven, nor a guard against dangers on earth. Repeating prayers will not shield one from temptation, nor deliver one from evil. The waters of baptism and the bread and wine of the Holy Communion, cannot make unfaithfulness fidelity, nor can they prove a guard to him who proves faithless. There was never a more sacred symbol than the ark of the covenant, yet the Israelites, when they were recreant in duty, fell before their enemies in the very presence of the ark, and the ark fell with them What symbol can in itself, prove a surer protection than that? If a man wants the results of faithfulness, he must be faithful.

2. ANXIETY CANNOT AVERT.

Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching, for his heart trembled for the ark of God. The messenger said, Israel is fled before the Philistines; thy two sons also are dead, and the ark of God is taken (vs 13 17) If Eli had been faith-ffiled and faithful, he would have had no anxiety about the ark of God; his heart would not have trembled in dread of any approaching disaster. It was because he had not been true, and he knew that Israel was faithless, that he feared the consequences of neglect and transgression. But his anxious trembling lessened those consequences not a whit; averted no peril from Israel, from his sons, from the ark he had been set to guard. Anxiety in itself never averts evil. Dreading the harvest of sinning does not change the sure progress of growth and fruitage from the seed which has been sown. If trembling hearts and fearful minds could prove a safe guard, many an evil doer, who has already met his sad deserts, would have gone scot-free, and many another who is now in mental torture, would find the immunity which he does not hope for. God is not mocked by a remorseful anxiety, nor does he ever mistake it for submissive penitence.

3. DESPAIRING CANNOT RESTORE.

And it came to pass when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off the seat backward; and his neck brake, and he died (v. 18.) It seemed to Eli that he had nothing else to live for now. And things did look dark. But Eli's despair did not restore the ark to Israel, did not change defeat to victory, did not bring back his dead sons to life again; nor did it restore the sheen of his own tarnished name. There is no credit to Eli to despair, in that darkest hour of his misused life. His death gave him no place like Samson's in the inspired record of the heroes of faith. When Samson saw that his life had proved a failure, he turned to God in dependent, trustful faith, and asked that his poor wreck of a life might be used to the honor of God's name, and to the overthrow of God's enemies; and so died to a better purpose than he had lived. But Eli having neglected his life's duties, simply gave up his life, or lost it in despair. The act neither honored God nor improved his own record. It is one thing to put the wreck of a life at God's service; it is a very different thing to give the wreck of a life to despair. The poorest thing in the world to do in the hour of the direst gloom, is to despair. It is no credit to the one who despairs. It can prove of no service to anybody else. Whatever has happened, no good can come of despairing. If you should ever be in as bad a case as Eli's, at least see to it that you improve on his record—by not breaking your neck in despair.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

The lemon which yields the finest flavor is grown in Messina, and it is from the flavoring principle extracted from the rind of this fruit that Dr Price prepares his Special Flavoring Extract of Lemon. While other Lemon Extracts in the market have the taste and odor of turpentine, Dr Price's Extract has its intense lemony taste and smell.

The Civil Service Commissioners and Sen. Mahone.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—The question of the assessment of departmental employes for political purposes, which has been raised by a recent circular from Gen. Mahone to Virginians in the departments, is receiving earnest consideration by the Civil Service Commissioners. One of the latter (Judge Thomas) was asked what action, if any, the Commission would take in relation to the circular. He replied: "As far as within their power, the Commission is to see the provisions of the Civil Service law are strictly adhered to; and it is their purpose to do so. I have no hesitancy in saying that to assess dues on clerks and employes of the Government for the purpose of maintaining a political organization in this City, or aiding political parties in States, is an absolute violation of sections 11 and 14 of the Civil Service act. Whether the circular demanding money comes from a United States Senator, a Representative or a department clerk, its author should be dealt with in a manner that should show the law is not a collection of meaningless words. It is undoubtedly the duty of each active head of the departments to assist in seeing the law vindicated, and I have no doubt they will."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE In Seasickness.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness during an ocean passage. In most of the cases, the violent symptoms which characterize that disease yielded, and gave way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

Jacobs' "Check."

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—Esther Jacobs, a Jewess, visited police headquarters to-day and told Supt. Walling that her husband, William Jacobs, who was in Boston, was about to marry another wife and had the temerity to send her wedding cards inviting her to the ceremony, which is to take place to-day. A telegraphic dispatch was forwarded to the officiating Rabbi informing him of the facts.

"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured me of neuralgia." Mr. D. C. Hopper, Clay Bank, Va.

News of the Week

New York Republican Convention.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, Sept. 19.—Weather beautiful. There was a large morning influx of delegates and visitors, who filled the hotels to overflowing and gave the Village a very lively appearance. Caucusing with reference to the new State Committee has been very active during the morning, and most of the Congressional delegations have held preliminary meetings. The Albany delegation elected Andrew J. Draper State Committeeman. Jno. N. Smith and five of his friends in the delegation declined to attend the Convention. The 26th Congressional District elected Sen. Holmes, of Madison, State Committeeman, by a majority of one over Thos. C. Platt, of Tioga.

The Convention was called to order at 12:05 P. M. Carroll, Smith, of Syracuse, was elected Committeeman for the 25th District. The names of Sens. A. M. Holmes and James Smart are both mentioned in connection with the Chairmanship of the State Committee.

The place of meeting is a temporary frame structure or wigwam in the spacious and pretty grounds of the Spring Hotel, erected at the cost of the villagers. E. G. Lapham was unanimously chosen temporary Chairman. He was received with applause and addressed the Convention.

Upon taking the chair, Lapham said: "We have met at a moment of great interest in the history of Republicans, and if we are faithful to our trust we shall organize victory here to-day. Politically, last year was our Bull Run [laughter], but if we are faithful, this year will prove our Gettysburg and Appomattox. [Applause.] What Charles S. Benton once characterized as the 'tumultuary Democracy of the Mississippi Valley' is now the seat of our Republican stronghold, and 'tumultuary Democracy are found in the State of New York. How could it be otherwise, with distinct and rival bodies in our commercial great City, each refusing to surrender its organization, and each determined to send a full delegation to the Convention at Buffalo. The result is that the idol of a year ago has been cast down and is almost literally trodden under foot in his own home." [Laughter.]

He referred at some length to national affairs, and closed by stating that by wise and harmonious action the success of the Republican party would be complete.

After the appointment of the usual committees and the transaction of routine business the Convention took a recess until 3 o'clock.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, Sept. 19.—The platform praises Pres. Arthur's administration, rejoices over the reduction of internal revenue taxation, rejoices in the successful inauguration of civil service reform (a result of Republican agitation), favors a protective tariff, better shipping laws, strong laws to govern primary elections, tie checking of monopolies, free canals, the reorganization of the party in the City of New York, and contains a strong arraignment of the Democracy and their methods.

The full ticket nominated is as follows: Secretary of State, Gen. James B. Carr; Comptroller, Ira Davenport; State Treasurer, Pliny T. Sexton; State Engineer and Surveyor, Silas Seymour; Attorney General, Leslie W. Russell.

Massachusetts Republican Convention.

BOSTON, Sept. 19.—The Republican State Convention was called to order at 11 o'clock. Chairman Lodge, of the State Central Committee, nominated Temporary Chairman, and, after prayer by Rev. Orrin P. Gifford, addressed the audience.

At the conclusion of Lodge's address, the usual committees and permanent officers were appointed. Chas. R. Codman was chosen President, and on taking the chair addressed the Convention at considerable length, his remarks being chiefly in reference to the present Governor. He reviewed the Hawksbury affair, and said: "One man has led this crusade against the fair fame of Massachusetts—a man conspicuous always, of great audacity, of ready wit, of voluble and copious speech, and of restless personal ambition—a man of national notoriety surely, if not of national reputation, who has often solicited and sometimes obtained the votes of people, but who has never been able to prevail for long—a legislator identified with Congressional raids upon the Treasury; a politician who has proposed to the people of the United States to repudiate their honest debts, and so make their great and solvent country a by-word and a hissing among the nations of the earth—a Major General whose most valuable services were as Provost Marshal, never as a leader of men, and whose successes were those of a sutler and not of a strategist."

His references to Butler's political and military record and "national notoriety" were loudly applauded by the delegates. He was given three cheers when he concluded.

After the transaction of some routine business, the Convention took a recess until 2 o'clock.

Robinson was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, having 995 votes out of 1168.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—If Rep. Robinson beats Butler in Massachusetts, the Republican minority in the next House will lose a prominent and very useful man. Robinson has been looming up of late years as the honest and fair-play advocate of his party. On several occasions he has kicked over the traces and spoken right out in meeting to the great delight of the Democrats. Black looks were his immediate reward from his friends, but after a while the policy of his course was seen, and he has thus gained a reputation for both shrewdness and honesty. As temporary Speaker he ruled once or twice squarely against his party on important questions, but his fairness had to be admitted. In appearance and speech he is a typical Yankee and he has a fair share of New England thrift and shrewdness. In his three terms here he has grown in influence wonderfully, and is spoken of everywhere as a rising man.

Fair faces marred with pimples or freckles, should use Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Use and be happy.

British Columbia.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 19.—The newspaper section of the Villard party arrived here on the steamer North Pacific. On their arrival the principal residents and members of the Provincial Government of British Columbia were invited to lunch on board the vessel, including Hon. William Smith, Prime Minister; Hon. John Roberson, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Finance; Mr. Redfern, Mayor of Victoria, and Mr. Francis, American Consul.

In responding to the toast, "The Queen," his host felt that Premier Smith transcended the bounds of international politeness and had abused their hospitality. He said the annexation of any part of British Columbia to the United States was impossible, but that the time would reverse the order and certainly cause the annexation of a part of the Pacific coast section of the United States to British Columbia. The vast deserts of coal, exhaustless timber, unparalelled harbors, illimitable wheat fields and new type of men and women of unapproachable physique, all pointed to it as the place where the star of empire would reach its zenith through British Columbia. The pathway of the Asiatic trade was 1,000 miles shorter than by way of San Francisco, which had about reached its limit, and Portland could not carry across the bars of Columbia river, Asia's magnificent commerce. Continuing, he said: "It is a matter of deep conviction with me and of many others who have considered the drift of affairs in the United States, that that country cannot continue undivided. Its elements of population are too varied, the interests of its different sections too diverse. The day will come when it must go to pieces, and when that day comes British Columbia will be glad to take into her arms that fragment of it which is her natural neighbor."

When the fountains of life are not corrupted and embittered by suffering; when the functions of womanhood are strictly normal, woman life is like music, with no discord to jar her delicate sensibilities and break the vital and organic harmony. But many who suffer from vital and functional disorders have found immediate relief and a permanent cure by using Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Color Line in Texas.

GALVESTON, Sept. 22.—J. N. Johnson, attorney, and J. R. Bryan and W. E. Reed, clergymen, all colored, have, after a conference with Vice Pres. Walsh, of the Houston & Texas Central Railroad, issued a card to the colored people of Texas, stating that all suits against the Central Road on account of the denial of equal accommodations to negros are withdrawn, and further suits are discouraged. The Company will put on separate exclusive equal accommodations for colored patrons within three months. The card expressly denies that the suits were brought to force social admixture, and announces that the negros do not desire to ride in the same cars with whites. An appeal is made to colored people to abstain from acts of violence and threats. Other roads, it is said, will shortly follow suit.

Ayer's Ague Cure stimulates the action of the liver, cleanses the blood of malarial poison, and rouses the system to renewed vigor. Warranted to cure Fever and Ague.

Common Schools.

BOSTON, Sept. 17.—Gov. Butler, in an interview yesterday stated his views on the subject of education, with reference to the Educational Convention to be held at Louisville, Ky., this week, the Governor having appointed a delegation to attend the session. After speaking of the extent of illiteracy, he said: Ninety-two per cent. of our children get no common school education after they are 15 years old; therefore, I say that by far too much of our money is spent upon the other 8 per cent. in giving them a very high grade of education.

When asked what remedies ought to be applied, he said: 1. A very considerable portion of what we now expend upon our higher grades of education, like psychology, botany, geology, physiology, music and the higher branches of mathematics, high art education, Latin and Greek, which are taught in our schools, and which, as we have seen, are substantially useless to more than 90 out of every 100, should be spent in the evening schools, wherein those who are employed in our varied industries in the daytime, and who are passed the school age, could receive some portion at least of that education which they have failed to get in their earlier youth. 2. Reading, spelling, writing, and the simple rules of arithmetic should be at first taught in all schools to children, and they should be well grounded in those branches at first, and then not only the reproach of illiteracy will be taken from our people, but the foundation will be laid for further requirements in which the bent of mind and genius of the pupils would lead them to educate themselves. It seems to me, he added, that there is a defect in our system of education of children. We school them too much, that is to say, we keep them at school all the year round. We continually force their perception and memorizing faculties, and give no time for the play of their reflective faculties. In other words, they don't reflect upon what they have learned or attempt to apply it in their own minds. We cram them with too many studies. Again, we are building altogether too expensive school houses. Warmth, ventilation, scrupulous cleanliness, and plainness, are all that are required in the school-room. There is no use in architrave and frieze and other architectural ornamentation to attract the children's attention from their books. A fly on the wall will take a child's attention from his reading much more than monstrosities of ornamentation done in pine lumber and plaster, which go to make up the costly school houses and make a burden upon the public. Why should the children in school, as a rule, have a more ornamental place to study in than they have at home? Another place where a good deal of saving might be made, it seems to me, is that we have too much supervision and too little work in the schools. The manner of our teaching is something like this: Some women teachers are hired to teach the children, an under master is hired to supervise the female teachers, a head-master is hired to supervise the under-masters. Then there is a school committee to supervise the supervisors, all of them except, perhaps, the last, drawing large salaries, and the members of the committee get their expenses, and all of this money comes from the school fund.

"Jay-Eye-See."

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 18.—The gelding "Jay-Eye-See" made a record on the Narragansett Park Saturday, that throws a shade on the best work of "St. Julien," "Trinket," "Clingstone," and "Edwin Thorne," and belittles the extraordinary best time by "Maud S." Five thousand persons witnessed the great performance, the occasion that drew them to the Park being the grand circuit trotting meeting. After the usual trotting and pacing matches, "Jay-Eye-See" was brought out to make an effort to beat his record of 2:14 for a purse of $2,000. He was in excellent form. When he got the word "go" the second time, he leaped forward on what was to prove the fastest mile ever trotted in New England, the most remarkable feat by a five-year old in the history of the turf.

He shot along without appearing to exert himself, passing the first quarter in 34 seconds and leaping on without a flaw or break in his motion to the half, which he left behind him in 1:06¾. Then again it seemed to the spectators, and the second quarter was proved to be the case, that the marvelous animal put forth new energy and added strength and swiftness to his pace as he shot along the track, passing the third quarter in 1:39, and making the finish in 2:10¾.

The spectators yelled themselves hoarse. The cheering had begun when the half-mile was made, and it grew louder and louder as the admiration drew the home stretch, until, when he passed under the wire, the spectators had risen to their feet and mounted the seats in the excess of their enthusiasm.

Jay-Eye-See is a black gelding, and was named by spelling the initials of his owner, Mr. J. I. Case, of Racine, Wis. His sire was Decatur. He opened this his second season at the Gentlemens' Driving Park in New York as a five-year old, and there beat the crack five-year olds—Phil Thompson, Lucy Gernent and Bronze. His fastest time was 2:19¾, but in Albany he scored 2:15½, then the greatest performance by a five-year old ever known. He improved up

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

WHEELING, Sept. 18.—At an early hour this morning a domestic named Mary Brinkmyer, employed at the residence of Theodore Screiber, attempted to light a fire with the assistance of a can of kerosene oil. In a moment the flames communicated with the contents of the can, which blew up, and the flames at once enveloped the form of the screaming girl, whose cries attracted the attention of those in the house and immediate assistance was given her, but not until she was horribly burned. Her feet, lower limbs and chest were literally cooked. Her recovery is extremely doubtful.

FRAZEYSBURG, O., Sept. 18.—George Jamell, a resident of this County, was struck by a fast train, about 10 miles south of this place, and was killed almost instantly. He started from town drunk to walk home, and foolishly sat on the track to rest. He soon fell asleep, and about 10 o'clock the fast train came along and struck him, killing him and mangling his body badly. He was about 40 years old and has a wife in Indiana.

NORWALK, Sept. 18.—A criminal assault was made by Jay Schieibley upon the little daughter of a farmer named Hubbell, living near Monroeville, to-day. He met the children on their way to school and enticed them into a ravine, where he made repeated assaults upon their persons. Their cries for help frightened him off, and he left them bruised and bleeding from his cowardly assault. Little Myrtle was aged three years and Gertrude seven. Both children were much frightened and so frightened that they cannot tell their pitiful story coherently for several hours. Schieibley was caught a few hours later, identified by the children, and now awaits his trial in the County Jail. Much excitement exists among the neighbors and friends of the children.

MT. VERNON, Ills., Sept. 19.—Minnie Bradford, 17 years of age, a handsome, educated daughr er of Dr. J. B. Bradford, committed suicine by taking morphine yesterday. Cause not known.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 19.—A construction train on the West Shore Railroad, going east at 7 this morning, struck a band car four miles east of the City. Fifteen platform cars with 150 workmen on board were piled up in a mass.

Killed—Peter South, of Syracuse; an Italian, name unknown; and John Carr, Jr., of Waterlurry.

Injured, seriously—Antonio Pasmolto, Giovanni Poccis, Raffele Nardo, John Radome, Guiseppe Marella, Antonio Nardo, Felix Dististo, Angelo Defna, Guige Lomarzo, Antonio Cappuicico, Edward Ward, John Longstreet.

Guiseppe Guidice, James Sealy Movella, and one or two others, are not expected to live. The accident was caused by the hand car not getting out of the way in time.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 20.—Mrs. Emma Fischer was arrested last night, charged with murdering her husband, Adam Fischer, by poisoning. Fischer died suddenly at his home north of the City Saturday night, September 8. The family said it was heart disease. The post mortem showed a diseased condition of the heart, but an analysis of the contents of the stomach showed the presence of strychnine. Suspicion was directed against the wife because of quarrels between the two and the alleged infatuation of the wife with Henry Kaiser, a former employe of Fischer. Kaiser surrendered himself this morning, and both are held without bail till the 26th, when the preliminary examination will take place.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 19.—Philip Sellers, aged 57, met a singular death in West Baltimore. George Brown, a young man, Sellers' son-in-law, called at Sellers' house in an intoxicated condition, and entering the dining room where the family were at tea said to Mr. Sellers, "I want to see who is the strongest of us two." Mr. Sellers rose and grasped him by the throat. The men then locked arms and a wrestling match ensued, ending in Sellers being thrown violently to the floor, his head striking heavily on a board. Death ensued in a few minutes. Brown was arrested on a charge of murder.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 20.—An accident happened here to-day, resulting in the instant death of three men, and the serious and probably fatal injury of 12 others. Between 1 and 2 o'clock this afternoon a shock was felt throughout the City, which shook many buildings to their foundations, smashed windows, and terribly frightened the residents of the South Side. Immediately after the shock a column of smoke was seen to arise from the flanging department of the Sligo Iron Works had exploded, setting fire to the Lake Erie Railroad shops and a number of dwelling houses in the vicinity.

The boiler department, a brick structure, was a complete wreck, as were also a number of passenger and freight cars, and the Master Mechanic's shops of the Lake Erie Railroad. In the ruins of the flanging department were the dead and dying, some with arms and legs off, some disfigured almost beyond recognition, and others suffering from painful burns and scalds. At the time of the explosion 30 men were at work. Of these, nine are reported all right, three killed and eight badly injured, four fatally, while four children of Charles Douglass, who lived across the way, were also badly hurt.

The boiler was an upright, six feet in diameter, and was split into fragments, the largest being blown 200 feet, landing in the middle of the Monongahela River. It is not known what caused the explosion. It was just after the dinner hour, and steam had been turned on only a few moments when it exploded. A thorough investigation will be made. The Sligo Iron Works was formerly owned by Loyce, Schorb & Co., but now by Phillips, Merrick & Co. Their loss is estimated at $100,000. Loss to the Lake Erie Railroad and dwellings, about $3,000.

EFFINGHAM, Ill., Sept. 21.—George W. Ryan, of Barrett's circus, died last night. Ryan fell in the morning, while endeavoring to throw a doubte somerset at the rehearsal. He was 19 years old. His real name was Marsh. He was a magnificent athlete.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 21.—Just before the close of the performance at the Alhambra, a variety theater, last night, Richard Whallen, a young man of about 20 years, fired a shot from a revolver at Carrie Hartz, or Howard, one of the actresses at the place, then blew his own brains out. Whallen, who was traveling salesman for Broderick & Bascom, of this City, is said to have been "mashed" on the Howard girl, and shot at her because she would not accept a present from him; but another story is he recently lost considerable of his employer's money gambling in New Orleans, was in great trouble about it, had been drinking heavily, and killed himself in a fit of desperation.

MARIETTA, Sept. 21.—A horrible crime has been committed near Mabelton, in this county. In that vicinity lives an unmarried wife woman, Elizabeth Avery, 35 years of age. There in a home of sin she and her six year-old daughter live. On the 15th and 16th inst. charitable neighbors found the woman sick in bed. She said nothing of the true state of affairs, but suspicion was aroused which resulted in an investigation. Monday last the little girl, upon being questioned, said she knew where the baby was buried, and led to a spot near the house. The mother had made her take a hoe and scrape out a hole and place the murdered children it, covering it with a little dirt, a few rocks and some straw. The mother warned the child that if she disclosed the whereabouts she would kill her; but the little girl, not comprehending the turpitude of the crime, not only revealed the place of burial, but said: "Mamma wrung the baby's neck and hit it on the head with a stick."

The dead infant was unearthed, and Dr. Childs found its neck broken and its skull crushed. The mother, when confronted with the corpse, acknowledged the child's birth, but denied putting it to death.

DOVER, Del., Sept. 21.—The belt of woods near the great mills are on fire. The people are fighting the flames. There is great scarcity of water here. That part of the Cocheo mill operated by water power is running half time, the saw and grist mills of the surrounding country are shut down. Wells and streams are dried up, and cattle are driven a long distance to water.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 23.—A young man entered the liquor store of D. W. Loud, in Ontario street, late Friday afternoon, and asked the proprietor to cash a postal note for $4.90, which was signed by the Postmaster of Junction City, O. He told a plausible story, saying he had ridden into Town from Galion on a freight train, and was obliged to get the ready money before he could leave the City, which he was desirous of doing immediately. Loud kindly gave him the money and the young man departed. Yesterday morning he went to the Postoffice to get it cashed. Supt. A. J. Williams, of the Money Order Department, suspected something was wrong, the order being signed by the Postmaster at Junction City, and the name of the place where it was issued being Youngstown. The name of that Town was printed in the proper place, but in a bungling manner, which indicated that it had not been made by the rubber date stamp used for that purpose. Deputy Postmaster Harding immediately telegraphed to Junction City, and was astonished to learn that the Postmaster there had been robbed of his money order date stamp, and a book containing 500 of the new blank postal notes, numbered from one to 500. Of course the order presented by Loud was not cashed. A tailor on the West Side, who is desirous that his name be not mentioned, was victimized in the same amount, by the same young man, and in the same manner. The young man who is thus securing for himself wealth at the expense of merchants who kindly attempt to do him small favors is described as follows: Twenty-two years old, five and one-half feet tall, smooth face, and wearing common dark clothes and a soft black hat or cap. The police are after him with a determination to bring him to justice if possible. If they are not successful, the public will do well to watch for him.

BRIDGEPORT, Sept. 23.—At the Coroner's inquest in Stratford, in the Rose-Clark-Ambler case, Prof. White, of Yale College, who made a microscope examination of Lews' carriage robe, testified that he found a small spot of blood. The corpuscles might be those of human blood, but certainly not those of cattle, horse, sheep, or swine, but might be a dog or rabbit. He also examined a shirt belonging to Lewis, on the bosom of which was a stain of blood mixed with saliva. He also found blood on a stick found in Lews' barn. He took back to New Haven the cushion belonging to Lews' carriage for examination. The testimony to-day points strongly to Lewis as the murderer, but no arrests have been made.

BOSTON, Sept. 24.—September 4 Fred P. Jenks, a well-known cotton broker, hired a room in the Tremont House, and during the day took four bottles of a certain patent medicine, containing a large proportion of opium. He was found nearly lifeless and died the 6th inst. Inquiry was begun into his affairs, and the first discovery was that a note which he had negotiated some time ago for $2,800 and due the day of his death was a forgery. Other forgeries were discovered in rapid succession, and it was also found he had appropriated and squandered $6,500 in cash, which had been entrusted to his guardianship by elderly females. The signature on the forged note was that of T. R. Warfield, of Oakdale, which was also appended to another note of $4,400. Besides these it was ascertained he also negotiated a note for $3,000 bearing the forged signature of S. Blordell & Co., of Holyoke, and another for $3,000 bearing the forged signature of Wm. R. Potter, of Taunton. The aggregate of the fraudulent paper is $13,000. Unfortunate cotton speculation was undoubtedly the cause.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 22.—A terrible accident happened at Woodward shaft, of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Coal Company, at Kingston, this afternoon. The shaft is 500 feet deep, and has 20 feet of water at the bottom. George Bulg, Thomas J. Davis, Edward Phillips and Isaac Bevan, were working on a platform covering the shaft, 60 feet from the bottom, and a piece of timber, weighing half a ton, fell on the platform while being lowered. It gave way and the four men were precipitated to the bottom, falling into the sump, and were drowned. Phillip Parry and Lewis T. Jones were saved by hanging to the beam, after crying for help. The men were all married except Davis, and leave large families in destitute circumstances.

SHREVEPORT, La., Sept. 22.—At 8 o'clock to-night the boiler of the engine running saws at the bridge being constructed over Red river for the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific Railroad, exploded with terrible force, killing five and wounding five who were at work as the night force. A boy named Willie Watson was the only person on the beat at the time of the explosion who escaped unhurt. Names of the killed: Al. Humphries, James Summers, William Thomas, John Mallary, John Burk, all white. Wounded—Willie Jones, slightly in the head; Abe Gilliland, colored, mortally; Ad. Wilson, white, op head and breast; Al. Watkins, white, scalded; a colored boy, slightly.

DETROIT, Sept. 23.—A mysterious murder was committed in the upper part of this City about midnight last night. A young man about 20, named Julius Allis, was shot in the back of the head, in the street near the drug store in which he was employed as clerk. He expired almost immediately after the first person reached him. A man was seen to run away from the spot at great speed by one or two persons who were hastening to the scene, but who he was cannot be conjectured. Examination shows that probably young Allis had got into a quarrel with a boy as he was not fully dressed. He slept in a room near the store, but whether he had visited the place for himself or was called up by some one applying for medicine, is not known. He was a quiet, unobtrusive young man, had but few acquaintances, as he had been in the City less than a year, and was not known to have a single enemy. His parents live in Waterford, Mich. His father, Rev. Peter Allis, being the pastor of the German Evangelical Church there.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 24.—Later reports from the railroad accident near Seymour, Ind., shows no one was killed. The five persons left at Mitchell—Willie Dickens, Albert Dickens, J. V. Taylor, wife and child, all bound for De Soto, Kansas, are doing well this morning and in good spirits. The boy reported killed is injured. Engineer Phipps, also reported killed, is still alive. His injuries are severe. He was crushed between the engine and a wrecked car at the side of the track. Both trains had been ordered to go slow past the wreck of the freight train, and Phipps was ordered to come to a full stop as he had a car of unusual width and was in doubt about its clearing the wreck. He seems to have reached the point before he was aware, though it was well marked by bonfires.

GALVESTON, Sept. 23.—Early yesterday morning fire destroyed the principal business portion of Brownwood, consisting of nine substantial buildings and 12 wooden structures. The loss is unknown; insurance, $27,500. It is supposed that the fire was incendiary. The chief losers are Lawrence & McFarland, drugs, and N. A. Altman, groceries. The town has no water works or fire extinguishing apparatus. Mrs. Mary Hall, aged 75, became so wrought up by the sight of the conflagration that she dropped dead.

DETROIT, Sept. 24.—About 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon Herman A. Rolshoven went to his father's jewelry store, 70 Woodward avenue, where he is employed as bookkeeper, and on opening the door found that burglars had visited the place during the night, and that a very great amount of valuable goods had been stolen. Mr. Rolshoven went through the store and made an inventory of the stock, and found that between $12,000 and $15,000 worth of goods were missing.

DETROIT, Sept. 23.—An explosion of fireworks in an outbuilding of the exhibition to-night, resulted in the death of one boy, the cremation of three valuable race horses and the destruction of 900 feet of stabling. The fireworks were intended for the display to-morrow night, and were stored in a large frame building adjoining the stables. About 9 o'clock to-night several explosions were heard and immediately afterward flames shot up from the building. An alarm was quickly sounded, but the structure, together with the adjoining stables, being frame, were soon a mass of flames, and all the department could do was to devote its energies to saving the surrounding property. In the stables were many valuable race horses, entered for the races which commence Tuesday. Three of these, "Polka Dot," "Maud R," and a green horse were cremated. The others were fortunately rescued. In the stable occupied by "Polka Dot" was a boy jockey named Thomas Rogers, of Kalamazoo, Mich. The flames spread so rapidly that he was unable to get out and was burned. "Polka Dot" was entered by W. J. Small, of Kalamazoo, and was valued at $2,500; "Maud R." was owndy J. S. Duston, of Boston, and was valued at $3,000. The green horse was also the property of Duston, who purchased him last week for $1,000. The Exposition loses about $5,000, on which is $5,000 insurance.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 24.—An infamous and heartless affair was brought to light to-day on a judicial investigation by Judge Galbrath. A writ of habeas corpus had been issued commanding the Poormaster to produce Louisia Colegrove, an aged lady, who was clapped into the Poorhouse a long time ago, and has been confined against her will as a pauper. She was incarcerated at the instance of relatives, who represented her to be penniless and homeless. The old lady has continually complained of her detention declaring she had large possessions, and that she was a government pensioner, but her statements were believed to be the ravings of a diseased mind. Touched by her affecting story of the heartlessness of her relatives, Mr. L. Bemis, a visitor, investigated, and discovered that the old lady's story was true.

This evening Judge Galbrath sustained the writ and commanded that she be released and placed in possession of her valuable property. The insane of Erie are confined in the Poorhouse. The Court exonerated the authorities.

AKRON, O., Sept. 24.—John Bull, engineer of the "Thunderbolt" passenger train on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Road, died to-day from injuries by collision with the freight at Tallmadge Saturday. He might have saved his life by jumping, but he thought of the passengers, reversed the engine, set the air brakes, then put on full steam, started the engine ahead and broke loose from the cars. The passengers were unhurt. He lived at Galion, and was the oldest engineer on the road.

MINOR MENTION.

In an explosion of fire-damp Thursday in a mine near the town of Unna, Westphalia, 15 miners were killed.

At Vincennes, Ind., Mary Warner shot and killed Jacob Mondary, in the latter's saloon, in a quarrel over pool.

Thomas Hayes, the Texas cattle king, was fatally shot by A. Pendleton, a saloonkeeper, in a quarrel. Pendleton escaped.

Walter Voight, one of the proprietors of Voight's brewery, in Erie, Pa., fell into a vat of boiling liquid, and was boiled to death.

Burgee & Coleman, at New Haven, Ind., manufacturers of bent woodwork, confessed judgment of $65,000, in favor of John W. White, and closed business.

At White Sulphur Springs, Fla., B. Wilson and two men named Roulerson had a business difficulty; Wilson shot both the Roulersons, one through the heart.

Rev. James Kemlo, a Methodist minister of Newark, N. J., on Tuesday drove a large knife into his wife's throat, cut his own throat, and jumped out of a fourth-story window. Both will die.

Tuesday morning, eight miles out of Mexia, Texas, Joe barber, from behind a house, perforated Lee Wood with buckshot. They were neighbors, and it was an old feud. Barber surrendered.

Near Kaufman, Tex., Saturday night, J. Fields fatally shot his brother Sol. Both were intoxicated, and was the result of an old quarrel between the pair. The murderer was not captured.

William Werks got into a fight in a Canton, O., saloon, Saturday night, and used a knife with terrible effect on George Wirt, Paul Paulis, George Metzger, and another man whose name is unknown. Werks is in jail.

Thomas Young, aged 22, was run over by an express train at St. Ignace, Mich., Saturday morning. It is thought he was murdered and his body placed on the track. He was terribly mangled, and dead when found.

A child 11 months old, the daughter of Theron Goodwin, jr., of Castleton, Vt., was shot dead in bed with its mother. The mother claims that an hour before a shot was fired at her through the window and later some one entered the room and killed the baby.

The trial of Davely Fraley, an alleged moonshiner, for the murder of H. F. Walker, a revenue officer, of Stanley County, February 8, was concluded at Concord, N. C., Saturday. Verdict, manslaughter. Sentence, 12 years in the penitentiary.

During divine service at Rogers, Ark., E. C. Roberts shot and fatally wounded Dr. Elliott, one of the proprietors of the celebrated Cross Hollow Distillery. Dr. Elliott first opened fire on Mr. Roberts, clipping his mustache, and Mr. Roberts replied, with the result as stated.

Dispatches report the hanging by lynchers in Richmond County, N. C., Friday, of a negro named Archie Johnson, for attempting to outrage a white girl six years of age. Johnson was left hanging on a tree, with a placard pinned to his breast bearing the words, "Our wives and daughters must be protected.

A party of drunken tracklayers on the Illinois Southern Railroad raided the store of Frank A. Miller at Smithsboro, Mo., Wednesday night, doing about $600 damage to stock and building. The Sheriff of the County with a strong posse from Greenville repaired to the scene, arrested about a dozen rioters, and restored order.

O. B. Ward and Charles Johnson were accidentally poisoned at Camp Point, Ill. They procured what they supposed to be a quart bottle of bitters at a drug store, to be drank as a beverage. Drinking freely of it they both dropped dead in a short time. A third man who drank with them was seized with spasms, but will recover.

The news is received of a horrible murder and robbery near Salem, Ind., Thursday night. Thomas Johnsen, a young farmer, had been to the fair, and carelessly displayed money. On his way home he was attacked and beaten to death. Two pistol wounds were found on him, and all his money was gone. The murderers have not been arrested yet.

At Lexington, Ky., Col. R. S. Strader, the well-known horseman, shot and killed Bradford Foster, a negro employe. Strader was told that Foster had turned a stallion in with a valuable filley. He got a shot gun and went to the stable. Foster ran, but fired at Strader; he returned, and while advancing on Strader, the latter fired twice, killing Foster. Strader gave himself up and was admitted to bail.

Saturday night the dead body of Silas Johnston, colored, pierced with three bails, was found on the roadside, half a mile from Marshall, Tex., with a rope around his neck. His wife testifies that 16 persons came to the door and asked for Johnston. Upon his going out, the party carried him off. Johnston was known to be connected with the race troubles recently.

Amasa Warner, of Vincennes, Ind., for refusing to pay for a game of pool was put out of a saloon by Jacob Mandery. He crossed the street and fired back, killing Mandery instantly. He then, at three times at a policeman, and managed to reach his room in a hotel. Changing his clothes he walked down into Main street, and upon being captured by Sheriff Hackley he soon persuaded that officer that he was in pursuit of the murderer, and was released.

Advices from Indian Territory say four men named Saddler, Tipton, and two brothers named Gray, from the vicinity of Paris, Texas, camped on Big Creek, Choctaw Nation, some time ago for the purpose of hunting and fishing. Last Wednesday night their camp was raided by a party claiming to be a posse searching for horse thieves, and their surrender was demanded. This was refused. A fight ensued, and one of the Gray brothers and Saddler were killed; the other Gray and Tipton escaped. The posse then plundered the camp, taking away all valuable effects.

At one of the big cattle ranches near Socorro, N. M., Joel Fowler, a large cattle dealer, met Penly Forrest and Bill Childes, with whom previously he had had trouble. Forrest and Childes commenced firing at Fowler, who returned the fire, killing Childes. Forrest ran into a house occupied by Mr. McGee, and McGee went to the door and asked him to come out. Instead, he fired, killing McGee. Fowler then set fire to the house, rather than take his chances of shooting with Forrest. Forrest put a ball through his own heart. All three were buried in the same grave.

Internal Revenue Figures.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The following table shows the amount of internal revenue paid by the various states since the inauguration of the system in 1863, including the collections for the past year, giving the sums in round numbers as more convenient for comparison:

Alabama	$15,600,000	Missouri	$107,000,000
Arizona	300,000	Montana	1,000,000
Arkansas	74,700,000	Nebraska	9,000,000
California	130,000,000	Nevada	3,000,000
Colorado	2,300,000	N. Hamshire	17,500,000
Connecticut	47,000,000	New Jersey	93,500,000
Dakota	400,000	New Mexico	750,000
Delaware	9,000,000	New York	566,000,000
Dist. Columbia	7,000,000	N. Carolina	31,000,000
Florida	3,700,000	Ohio	265,000,000
Georgia	22,300,000	Oregon	2,800,000
Idaho	750,000	Penns Ivania	266,400,000
Illinois	360,000,000	Rhode Island	27,000,000
Indiana	105,000,000	S. Carolina	8,000,000
Iowa	26,000,000	Tennessee	26,500,000
Kansas	4,200,000	Texas	10,000,000
Kentucky	147,000,000	Utah	900,000
Louisiana	37,500,000	Vermont	6,100,000
Maine	15,000,000	Virginia	96,000,000
Maryland	78,000,000	Washington	800,000
Massachusetts	186,000,000	W. Virginia	11,000,000
Michigan	44,500,000	Wisconsin	48,500,000
Minnesota	6,500,000	Wyoming	220,000
Mississippi	12,000,000		

The grand total of these 22 years of the workings of the internal revenue system is over three billions. The following table gives the amount in round numbers from each important item:

Spirits	$1,000,000,000
Tobacco	680,000,000
Fermented liquors	760,000,000
Adhesive stamps	210,000,000
Banks and bankers	70,000,000
Articles, etc., formerly taxed, now exempt	1,011,000,000

Slavery in Cuba.

BOSTON, Sept. 24.—Three fugitive Cuban slaves who have reached here tell a horrible story of the cruel treatment to which bondsmen are subjected on the island. They were the property of Mariano Vainti, and were engaged tilling the soil. The hours of labor were from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., their meals consisting of nine bananas each. About every three or four months the diet is changed, and a pound of codfish distributed to each slave, this supply to last them for one week. The women were expected to do the same work as men, and all slaves were subjected to the most brutal punishment, ofttimes resulting in death. In many cases men were shot down in attempts to escape. If they recovered from their wounds they were afterward kept with heavy chains around the ankles, to the ends of which were attached heavy iron balls.

Notice.

$272,025 in cash premiums—only a few days left for your subscription in the Mutual Union Pool, (monthly,) Tuesday, October 2, in which there are nearly 2,000 premiums in sums of $100,000, $50,000, $25,000 and smaller amounts which will be paid in cash to over 2,000 persons holding coupons, who will be notified by cable from Spain of the principal premiums the day after the awarding. Price of coupons, whole $5, fifths $1. Send at once to W. G. Gayle, General Agent, 68 E. Randolph St., Chicago, or E. Kaub, 417 Walnut St., St. Louis, Mo., J. T. Woodward, Indianapolis, Ind.

Four First Premiums.

Special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 14.—The Seeley patent perpetual hay press, manufactured by the Whitman Agricultural Company of St. Louis, was awarded the first prize—grand gold medal—by the New York State Agricultural Society to-day over the Dederick and other presses. This is the fourth successive first premium awarded this press by the society. Mr. Whitman was present during the testing trial.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mrs. Edwin Adams, widow of the famous actor, is dying of paralysis.

The use of advertising cards made in imitation of the national currency is forbidden by the Government.

The French have suffered another check in Tonquin, their yellow flag allies being disastrously defeated near Haiphong.

Appeals come to the Department at Washington from people of towns in Florida where yellow fever prevails asking for food supplies.

The weekly statement of the Bank of France shows a decrease in gold of 2,422,000 francs, and an increase in silver of 425,000 francs.

At Southesk, N. F., John Hubbard and one Mullen quarreled over a dog; a fight ensued, and Hubbard was struck with a stick and killed.

The final decision of the Secretaries of War and the Navy is that it is not practicable to send another expedition to the relief of Greeley this year.

The Secretary of the Navy decides that there is no law under which he can render the desired assistance to the poor people on the naval reservation at Pensacola.

The grand body of Odd Fellows at Providence, R. I., refused to strike the word "white" from the constitution. Minneapolis was chosen for the next annual meeting.

John L. Sullivan and Edward Hanlan have arranged to run a 100-yards foot race for $1,000 a side, to be contested for when Sullivan returns from his National tour.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows concluded their sessions Saturday. The next meeting is to take place at Minneapolis, the third Monday in September, 1884.

Efforts are being made to obtain the services of Charles Russell, M. P., to lead in the defense of O'Donnell. A Central Committee is being formed in London to obtain funds for his defense.

At Minneapolis, the water is lower in the Mississippi than it has been for many years. All saw mills on the platform and all those run by water on the east side have been compelled to stop.

On the recommendation of the court martial at Annapolis, Secretary Chandler has issued an order dismissing Naval Cadet James R. Tuggles, of Kentucky, from the Naval Academy for hazing.

The annual report of the Northern Pacific Company for 1883 shows gross earnings, $7,855,459, an increase of $2,425,153; expenses, $5,336,929; increase, $1,764,089; net earnings, $2,518,529; increase, $661,064.

Twenty-three States are represented at the Educational Convention in session at Louisville. Among the delegates are ex-Sen. Wm. M. Gwin, of California; Commissioner John Eaton and 20 colored professors.

Lieut. Col. A. W. Evans has been placed upon the retired list of the army, having been found by the retiring board incapacitated for active service. This retirement fills the last vacancy which existed in the 400 retired list.

John L. Williams, the only son of the late Elaeser Williams, distinguished as the "Lost Dauphin of France," died Saturday at Degertown, Wis. Elaeser Williams claimed to be the son of Louis XVI. of France, and was known as the "Bourbon."

Manning, of Mississippi, who holds a certificate as a Representative from the Second District of that State, claimed by Gen. Chalmers, has hitherto been a pronounced anti-Kellogg man, but he now admits that the ex-Speaker has everything his own way.

A special from Milwaukee says the Diamond Match Company, the largest concern of the kind in the country, owning factories at Oskosh and elsewhere, has issued price lists, making sweeping reductions in the wholesale price of matches. The reduction is over 50 per cent.

Henry Ward, in a letter to the Astoria Chamber of Commerce, regrets to say that the estimated cost of a line from Portland to Astoria is so large as to be impossible for the Oregon & Transcontinental to undertake its construction. Astoria people are greatly disappointed.

Wm. S. Whiteford was committed to jail charged with forging checks on the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, about $700, in the names of United States Senator Gorman and Congressman Talbot. Whiteford was at one time Private Secretary to Mr. Gorman.

The London Times' Calcutta special says the published account of French outrages at Tamatave fails far short of the truth, and adds that when the English Consul, Pakenham, was dying, French priests endeavored to force him to become a Catholic and compelled him to kiss the crucifix.

It has been decided by the Customs division of the Treasury Department that hemlock bark is dutiable under the provision of the Tariff act, which fixes the rate of duty for "extract of hemlock and other barks used for tanning," but is free of duty under the provision in the free list. A Swissengen newspaper publishes the following statistics of Bismarck' weight, as taken during the last few years at that watering place: In 1874, 207 pounds (German); 1876, 219 pounds; 1877, 230 pounds; 1878, 243 pounds; 1879, 247 pounds; 1880, 237 pounds; 1882, 232 pounds; 1883, 202 pounds.

Something akin to a revolution has made its appearance at the imperial palace, Peking, and is headed by a powerful dowager, assisted by the chief eunuch, Lawrence & McFarland, drugs, and N. A. Altman, groceries. The town has no water works or fire extinguishing apparatus. Mrs. Mary Hall, aged 75, became so wrought up by the sight of the conflagration that she dropped dead.

DETROIT, Sept. 24.—About 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon Herman A. Rolshoven went to his father's jewelry store, 70 Woodward avenue, where he is employed as bookkeeper, and on opening the door found that burglars had visited the place during the night, and that a very great amount of valuable goods had been stolen. Mr. Rolshoven went through the store and made an inventory of the stock, and found that between $12,000 and $15,000 worth of goods were missing.

DETROIT, Sept. 23.—An explosion of fireworks in an outbuilding of the exhibition to-night, resulted in the death of one boy, the cremation of three valuable race horses and the destruction of 900 feet of stabling. The fireworks were intended for the display to-morrow night, and were stored in a large frame building adjoining the stables. About 9 o'clock to-night several explosions were heard and immediately afterward flames shot up from the building. An alarm was quickly sounded, but the structure, together with the adjoining stables, being frame, were soon a mass of flames, and all the department could do was to devote its energies to saving the surrounding property. In the stables were many valuable race horses, entered for the races which commence Tuesday. Three of these, "Polka Dot," "Maud R," and a green horse were cremated. The others were fortunately rescued. In the stable occupied by "Polka Dot" was a boy jockey named Thomas Rogers, of Kalamazoo, Mich. The flames spread so rapidly that he was unable to get out and was burned. "Polka Dot" was entered by W. J. Small, of Kalamazoo, and was valued at $2,500; "Maud R." was owndy J. S. Duston, of Boston, and was valued at $3,000. The green horse was also the property of Duston, who purchased him last week for $1,000. The Exposition loses about $5,000, on which is $5,000 insurance.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 24.—An infamous and heartless affair was brought to light to-day on a judicial investigation by Judge Galbrath. A writ of habeas corpus had been issued commanding the Poormaster to produce Louisia Colegrove, an aged lady, who was clapped into the Poorhouse a long time ago, and has been confined against her will as a pauper. She was incarcerated at the instance of relatives, who represented her to be penniless and homeless. The old lady has continually complained of her detention declaring she had large possessions, and that she was a government pensioner, but her statements were believed to be the ravings of a diseased mind. Touched by her affecting story of the heartlessness of her relatives, Mr. L. Bemis, a visitor, investigated, and discovered that the old lady's story was true.

This evening Judge Galbrath sustained the writ and commanded that she be released and placed in possession of her valuable property. The insane of Erie are confined in the Poorhouse. The Court exonerated the authorities.

AKRON, O., Sept. 24.—John Bull, engineer of the "Thunderbolt" passenger train on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Road, died to-day from injuries by collision with the freight at Tallmadge Saturday. He might have saved his life by jumping, but he thought of the passengers, reversed the engine, set the air brakes, then put on full steam, started the engine ahead and broke loose from the cars. The passengers were unhurt. He lived at Galion, and was the oldest engineer on the road.

MINOR MENTION.

In an explosion of fire-damp Thursday in a mine near the town of Unna, Westphalia, 15 miners were killed.

At Vincennes, Ind., Mary Warner shot and killed Jacob Mondary, in the latter's saloon, in a quarrel over pool.

Thomas Hayes, the Texas cattle king, was fatally shot by A. Pendleton, a saloonkeeper, in a quarrel. Pendleton escaped.

Walter Voight, one of the proprietors of Voight's brewery, in Erie, Pa., fell into a vat of boiling liquid, and was boiled to death.

Burgee & Coleman, at New Haven, Ind., manufacturers of bent woodwork, confessed judgment of $65,000, in favor of John W. White, and closed business.

At White Sulphur Springs, Fla., B. Wilson and two men named Roulerson had a business difficulty; Wilson shot both the Roulersons, one through the heart.

Rev. James Kemlo, a Methodist minister of Newark, N. J., on Tuesday drove a large knife into his wife's throat, cut his own throat, and jumped out of a fourth-story window. Both will die.

Tuesday morning, eight miles out of Mexia, Texas, Joe barber, from behind a house, perforated Lee Wood with buckshot. They were neighbors, and it was an old feud. Barber surrendered.

Near Kaufman, Tex., Saturday night, J. Fields fatally shot his brother Sol. Both were intoxicated, and was the result of an old quarrel between the pair. The murderer was not captured.

William Werks got into a fight in a Canton, O., saloon, Saturday night, and used a knife with terrible effect on George Wirt, Paul Paulis, George Metzger, and another man whose name is unknown. Werks is in jail.

Thomas Young, aged 22, was run over by an express train at St. Ignace, Mich., Saturday morning. It is thought he was murdered and his body placed on the track. He was terribly mangled, and dead when found.

A child 11 months old, the daughter of Theron Goodwin, jr., of Castleton, Vt., was shot dead in bed with its mother. The mother claims that an hour before a shot was fired at her through the window and later some one entered the room and killed the baby.

The trial of Davely Fraley, an alleged moonshiner, for the murder of H. F. Walker, a revenue officer, of Stanley County, February 8, was concluded at Concord, N. C., Saturday. Verdict, manslaughter. Sentence, 12 years in the penitentiary.

During divine service at Rogers, Ark., E. C. Roberts shot and fatally wounded Dr. Elliott, one of the proprietors of the celebrated Cross Hollow Distillery. Dr. Elliott first opened fire on Mr. Roberts, clipping his mustache, and Mr. Roberts replied, with the result as stated.

Dispatches report the hanging by lynchers in Richmond County, N. C., Friday, of a negro named Archie Johnson, for attempting to outrage a white girl six years of age. Johnson was left hanging on a tree, with a placard pinned to his breast bearing the words, "Our wives and daughters must be protected.

A party of drunken tracklayers on the Illinois Southern Railroad raided the store of Frank A. Miller at Smithsboro, Mo., Wednesday night, doing about $600 damage to stock and building. The Sheriff of the County with a strong posse from Greenville repaired to the scene, arrested about a dozen rioters, and restored order.

O. B. Ward and Charles Johnson were accidentally poisoned at Camp Point, Ill. They procured what they supposed to be a quart bottle of bitters at a drug store, to be drank as a beverage. Drinking freely of it they both dropped dead in a short time. A third man who drank with them was seized with spasms, but will recover.

The news is received of a horrible murder and robbery near Salem, Ind., Thursday night. Thomas Johnsen, a young farmer, had been to the fair, and carelessly displayed money. On his way home he was attacked and beaten to death. Two pistol wounds were found on him, and all his money was gone. The murderers have not been arrested yet.

At Lexington, Ky., Col. R. S. Strader, the well-known horseman, shot and killed Bradford Foster, a negro employe. Strader was told that Foster had turned a stallion in with a valuable filley. He got a shot gun and went to the stable. Foster ran, but fired at Strader; he returned, and while advancing on Strader, the latter fired twice, killing Foster. Strader gave himself up and was admitted to bail.

Saturday night the dead body of Silas Johnston, colored, pierced with three bails, was found on the roadside, half a mile from Marshall, Tex., with a rope around his neck. His wife testifies that 16 persons came to the door and asked for Johnston. Upon his going out, the party carried him off. Johnston was known to be connected with the race troubles recently.

Amasa Warner, of Vincennes, Ind., for refusing to pay for a game of pool was put out of a saloon by Jacob Mandery. He crossed the street and fired back, killing Mandery instantly. He then, at three times at a policeman, and managed to reach his room in a hotel. Changing his clothes he walked down into Main street, and upon being captured by Sheriff Hackley he soon persuaded that officer that he was in pursuit of the murderer, and was released.

Advices from Indian Territory say four men named Saddler, Tipton, and two brothers named Gray, from the vicinity of Paris, Texas, camped on Big Creek, Choctaw Nation, some time ago for the purpose of hunting and fishing. Last Wednesday night their camp was raided by a party claiming to be a posse searching for horse thieves, and their surrender was demanded. This was refused. A fight ensued, and one of the Gray brothers and Saddler were killed; the other Gray and Tipton escaped. The posse then plundered the camp, taking away all valuable effects.

At one of the big cattle ranches near Socorro, N. M., Joel Fowler, a large cattle dealer, met Penly Forrest and Bill Childes, with whom previously he had had trouble. Forrest and Childes commenced firing at Fowler, who returned the fire, killing Childes. Forrest ran into a house occupied by Mr. McGee, and McGee went to the door and asked him to come out. Instead, he fired, killing McGee. Fowler then set fire to the house, rather than take his chances of shooting with Forrest. Forrest put a ball through his own heart. All three were buried in the same grave.

Internal Revenue Figures.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The following table shows the amount of internal revenue paid by the various states since the inauguration of the system in 1863, including the collections for the past year, giving the sums in round numbers as more convenient for comparison:

Alabama	$15,600,000	Missouri	$107,000,000
Arizona